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JUVENILE LIBRARY, No. III.—*The History of Africa*. By the author of "Conversations on Chronology." London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

The third number of this erudite work, which, like the hero of the Gardner Peerage, has outgone the usual period of gestation, has at length suffered birth. We have loved this little peccant publication with an affection very similar to that which Mrs. Peachum declares for her favourite Filch;—with all its sins of language and literary larceny, we have loved the child "as though our hearts misgave us it were our own." We cherish its good looks, correct its errors, and reprove its weaknesses.

The preface to the third number, we shall extract without abridgment,—not only because it is the editor's admission of past inattention and promise of future amendment, but because it refers to our criticisms in a way that provokes a few explanatory observations from us in reply:—

"It is the design of this small volume to communicate to its readers a general outline of the history, geography, and principal features, whether moral, natural, or physical, of an entire Quarter of the Earth. To compress the information contained in a multitude of standard publications, of ancient and modern authors, within so limited a compass, was no easy task; and while we refer to this difficulty as our excuse for any omissions, we, at the same time, confidently claim the credit of laying before the youth of both sexes so valuable an Epitome of the annals of Africa, from the earliest known records to the present period, as will afford them a clear and comprehensive view of all its past revolutions, as well as of its actual condition.

"As this, the Third Volume of the JUVENILE LIBRARY, has been somewhat retarded in its appearance, we take the occasion to state, that the delay has arisen from two causes—first, the desire to improve the text; and secondly, the impossibility of finishing the embellishments, which, it may readily be perceived, are above the ordinary character aimed at by the most liberally illustrated works of this class.

"In the former of these objects, we trust, we have succeeded; not only for the sake of that portion of the public to whom our page is addressed, but because it was due to our undertaking to avoid even the trivial errors which, perhaps, too much haste admitted to enter into the first editions of the preceding volumes; errors which, though corrected in subsequent impressions, have not failed to provoke the scurrility of hostile criticism. Our best answer to such censure (if notice it deserve) will be to render our future volumes yet more worthy of approbation; and we can assure the candid and impartial, that writers of great and acknowledged abilities are employed upon them, and that no pains will be spared in making them as correct in their slightest points, as interesting and instructive in their whole tenour and bearings.

"With regard to the engravings, considering Egypt the cradle of the human race, and her

monuments at this moment the chief historical and antiquarian attraction to the learned of Europe, we have selected our illustrations from the striking and picturesque remains of that extraordinary country. They are perfectly original, and would, we are free to assert, do credit to an extensive quarto. In one, we present a view of the palm-covered village of Mit-rahynéh, all that now remains of the once glorious city of Memphis; in another, Messaborah, is seen the Necropolis of the Ammonians, the mighty burial-place of the powerful descendants of Ham. A third affords a perfect idea of the interior of one of those celebrated catacombs which are found among the tombs of Memphis, with its painted figures and memorable representations of objects familiar to the ancient world: and the fourth is a faithful specimen of the costume, &c. of the modern inhabitants of Egypt.

"The wood-cuts also deserve notice. No. 1 is the signet ring of one of the greatest of the Pharaohs; for we gather from its prefix and inscription, that it is the seal of Thothmosis Mæris, the twelfth Pharaoh; with whose reign commences all the most splendid monuments, the ruins of which yet tell of the prodigious power and grandeur of these deified kings. We regret that our acquaintance with hieroglyphical lore does not enable us to explain the other curious seal, No. 3; No. 2 is the form of a harp, from a painting in the grotto of Beni-Hassan, the most ancient, we believe, that has ever been engraved. In the group to which it belongs, it is played upon by a female; before her is another female listening, and behind her a third suckling a child. Such were the habits of the people of a country highly civilized and cultivated about four thousand years ago!"

"The captain is a bold man!" No one but an editor who had been accustomed to take the road at all hours, whether he could see his way or not, would hazard the perpetration of so daring a preface as that which we have extracted. Under the pretence of giving a candid explanation to the reader or purchaser, (for the two characters will not always, we apprehend, be joined in the same individual,) he stands to all the vices of the book, with a courageous pertinacity worthy of a better cause. At the very moment he is pledging himself for the virtues of his "future volume," he is indulging himself in all the perversities of bad English, bad taste, and bad reasoning, which so peculiarly attended the two volumes already published. We must of course take it for granted, that this preface has been composed with all the ability and correctness of which the editor is capable;—and we therefore despair of any solid amendment happening to this singular work.

Our readers will observe, that in the very first paragraph of this notable preface, the Editor adheres to and repeats that ridiculous phrase "the youth of both sexes," in despite of the laugh which it invariably provokes. Why is this folly persisted in? Bad English will not rectify its spirit by repetition.

The third volume has been retarded, in the first place from a desire "to improve the text;" a laudable desire! And in the second place, "from the impossibility of finishing the embellishments." The desire of course kept back the sheets woefully—and it is lamentable, that it did not include the preface in its improvements—but with so good a cause for delay, as "the impossibility of finishing the embellishments"—we really think the little moral desire-cause might have been omitted. The editor should have been reminded of Apollo Belvi's six reasons for not coming to his own marriage—the main one, that of his being dead, being quite sufficient to warrant him in "skipping the other five."

What "particular fellows" are your trade editors! How delectable is the minikin allusion to the "trivial errors" which, perhaps, too much haste admitted to enter into the first editions of the former volumes;—errors, which, though corrected in subsequent impressions, have not failed to provoke the scurrility of hostile criticism." Scurrility!—'Slife! We have a comment or two on this passage, which we shall assuredly "admit to enter" into our pages, for the sake of showing what jays of sentences these are, when stripped of their plumage and examined. What is meant by it being "due to the undertaking" to avoid errors?—why it is due to the public, who ought not to be cajoled into the purchase of five shilling packets of stamped nonsense, when they are told they are buying genuine essence of information. Then, too, our criticism is styled scurrilous, because it points out the errors which, owing to such our criticism, are subsequently corrected. The thief that returns from transportation ought to bring his action of defamation against the police officer (letter A), because the latter apprehended him for a fault which had been corrected in Botany Bay. "It is true," should curl-pated Hugh exclaim, "I was criminal; but my subsequent seven years' transportation for the offence ought to have disarmed the hostile criticism of your original interference. My vice, after you had detected it, and in consequence of such detection, was 'corrected in subsequent impressions,' and you should therefore have never noticed it."—We are extremely desirous of being moderate as well as just; but it is trying, to have our patience tormented with such egregious stuff as we have here exposed. The Editor babbles, too, of "our best answer to such censure (if notice it deserve)," being "to render our future volumes yet more worthy of approbation." Best answer! why, if the censure cannot be rebutted, which would be the best answer,—improvement is the only answer. But it is impossible to reason with a writer who keeps up such a ceaseless din and jingle with the cap and bells.

The last paragraph in this precious preface preserves inviolate the great cause of bad grammar. We need only refer to the sentences marked in italics, in the concluding paragraph, to convince our readers of the resolute vigour with which the "Juvenile Library" follows up its own peculiar style. The Editor, like Mrs. Malaprop, would be offended at a repetition of the abuse.

The "History of Africa," which is squeezed into this duodecimo volume, is written, we understand, by a Lady. It is in a less pretending style than that of its melancholy predecessors, and may be endured by those who are curious to see Africa in a nutshell. The writer, of course, had her task-work allotted to her, according to the African custom, and she has performed it quietly, and, as far as we can know, uncomplainingly. The conclusion of the first chapter or introduction gives the plan of the volume; and we think there is no one that will not admit, that the gentleman, at the Haymarket theatre, who advertised to jump into a quart bottle, *for his own benefit*, has found a dangerous rival in this gentle historian.

"In the following pages, it will be attempted to present a short summary of all that is known respecting Africa, from the earliest ages to the present time. It must necessarily be brief, and may, in some instances, be imperfect; but every endeavour has been made to avoid the omission of any fact of importance. It is intended, first, to give a sketch of the topographical details of the whole peninsula, and of the islands; to trace the courses of the rivers as far as they are known; to enumerate the mountains and lakes; and shortly to describe those countries with which we are acquainted. The remainder of the volume will consist of the natural history, progress of the arts and sciences, languages, inhabitants, manners and customs, European settlements, and commerce, with a compend of the historical events of which Africa has been the theatre, and an analysis of the voyages and travels undertaken to explore its mysteries."

We shall not compel our readers to penetrate into the interior of this petty Africa. If any one of them has a touch of Mungo Park in his composition, we advise him to journey by himself. We only pray that he may not suffer from the fever.

We hear strange rumours respecting this unhappy publication—rumours of writers being employed, deserted, and dissatisfied—of an editor "standing the comma 'tween," not the "amities" of publisher and author, but their hostilities;—rumours of bales of MSS. for the work on hand, which it is thought would not be "of sure sale at the warehouse at Redriff." But we well know that truth does not always hold the trumpet when rumour blows it. However, we do know that there is, what, in parliamentary phrase, is called "a dissension in the cabinet"; and that it is not very improbable but that this juvenile expedition to the Timbuctoo of knowledge may utterly perish in Africa!

The Water Witch; or, the Skimmer of the Seas.

A Tale. By the Author of "The Borderers," "The Prairie," &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

SCARCELY had the teeming press brought forth that portentous chronicle of fiends, pyxies, elves, fairies, and witches, the "Letters on Demonology,"—scarcely had we drawn a free and audible

breath, regained our wonted composure, and got rid of its magical influence, when, lo! the "Water Witch" demonically stole upon our retirement. The elements are now all peopled. Earth boasts of the elves of the barren moor, the witches of the woodland mountain, the sprites that haunt the mouldering tower, and the thousand fairies, good and evil, who trip it swiftly and silently, and whisper strange tales in old women's ears, and commit sundry predatory doings on farm-houses and farmer's wives. The withered descendants of the witch of Endor possessing an amphibious ubiquity, and peopling rock, morass, heath, and cave—

Snatch you o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes—to Athens—when you will, or where.

Fire rejoices in its salamanders. The vasty deep has its submarine superhuman monsters—mermaids, who have staggered the incredulity of many a grave naturalist, and syrens of human face divine and body of birds, who warble men into insensibility. But there was still wanting a spirit who could "ride the whirlwind," who could fearlessly float on the mountain wave and "direct the storm." Mr. Cooper, we hoped, had conjured up that spirit. We took up his volumes with sensations approaching to Pagan gravity. We fancied they might shadow forth some long-hidden Amphitrite, who ruled unseen, and walked upon the waves; but the Water Witch, though she has the seas for her empire, and is consulted on all occasions of wind or weather, war or peace, with as many wild and fantastic ceremonies as distinguished the rites of the ancient oracles of Delphos and Dodona, has her throne, and holds her court in a snug smuggling brigantine, and no more resembles the creature of our imagination than a Dutch galliot or a Sunderland collier,

The wondrous Argos, which, in venturous freece,
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flow'rs of Greece.

We must then descend to the reality—to the Water Witch of the novel—but first a few words on the author: Mr. Cooper is, decidedly and deservedly, a popular writer. He and Mr. Irving are the pillars that support the infant fabric of American literature. The yclept Sir Walter Scott of America has taken up the gauntlet which he of Abbotsford had thrown down to all the world. On the trackless path of the ocean the author of the "Pilot" may justify his daring. He is always at home where the shrill whistle of the boatswain is heard, and the majestic ship heaves to the tumult of the mighty waters—for such was his own element. The dim spot in the distant horizon, foreboding tempest and peril, has been detected by his own practised eye. He has been cradled on the deep, and held converse with winds and waves. What he himself has beheld, he records with fidelity and power; but here we stop. His mountain-billow, with its crest of foam, the valley of the parting waters, and the hoarse warning of the threatening storm, are all brought vividly before us; the adventures of a sailor's life, and the characteristics of the fearless and open-hearted mariner, are all portrayed with spirit and graphic power;—but when he deals with civilized men, and crowded cities, or tells of battles in the "tented field," of "lady-love," and "mimic flags," it is too much after the manner of the second volume of the Pilot, and we say, forbear. In short, when Mr. Cooper holds communion with nature, either on the ocean or in the desert, he maintains his ascendancy; but the instant he mingles in artificial society, and would depict manners rather than nature, he falls from his "high estate."

We need hardly say that the "Water Witch" is a tale of the sea, and therefore affords frequent opportunities for the display of the peculiar talent of the author; but there are few in-

cidents in it to excite curiosity or fix attention,—these are often feeble; and unmeaning and uninteresting dialogue is spread over too many of the pages. We desire, however, to do full justice to the writer, and therefore shall extract a stirring description of a sea-fight between an English cruiser and the boats of a French ship of war.

"The Coquette lay with her head to seaward, the stern necessarily pointing towards the land. The distance from the latter was less than a mile, and the direction of the ship's hull was caused by the course of the heavy ground-swell, which incessantly rolled the waters on the wide beach of the island. The head-gear lay in the way of the dim view, and Ludlow walked out on the bowsprit, in order that nothing should lie between him and the part of the ocean he wished to study. Here he had not stood a minute, when he caught, first a confused, and then a more distinct glimpse of a line of dark objects advancing slowly towards the ship. Assured of the position of his enemy, he returned in-board, and descended among his people. In another moment he was again on the fore-castle, across which he paced leisurely, and, to all appearance, with the calmness of one who enjoyed the refreshing coolness of the night.

"At the distance of a hundred fathoms the dusky line of boats paused, and began to change its order. At that instant the first puffs of the land breeze were felt, and the stern of the ship made a gentle inclination seaward.

"'Help her with the mizzen! Let fall the top-sail!' whispered the young captain to those beneath him. Ere another moment the flap of the loosened sail was heard. The ship swung still further, and Ludlow stamped on the deck.

"A round fiery light shot beyond the martingale, and the smoke rolled along the sea, outstripped by a crowd of missiles that were hissing across the water. A shout, in which command was mingled with shrieks, followed, and then oar-blades were heard dashing the water aside regardless of concealment. The ocean lighted, and three or four boat-guns returned the fatal discharge from the ship. Ludlow had not spoken. Still alone, on his elevated and exposed post, he watched the effects of both fires with a commander's coolness. The smile that struggled about his compressed mouth, when the momentary confusion among the boats betrayed the success of his own attack, had been wild and exulting, but when he heard the rending of the plank beneath him, the heavy groans that succeeded, and the rattling of lighter objects that were scattered by the shot, as it passed with lessened force along the deck of his ship, it became fierce and resentful.

"Let them have it!" he shouted, in a clear animating voice, that assured the people of his presence and his care. 'Show them the humour of an Englishman's sleep, my lads! Speak to them, tops and decks.'

"The order was obeyed. The remaining bow-gun was fired, and the discharge of all the Coquette's musketry and blunderbusses followed. A crowd of boats came sweeping under the bowsprit of the ship at the same moment, and then arose the clamour and shouts of the boarders.

"The succeeding minutes were full of confusion and of devoted exertion. Twice were the head and bowsprit of the ship filled with dark groups of men, whose grim visages were only visible by the pistol's flash, and as often were they cleared by the pike and bayonet. A third effort was more successful, and the tread of the assailants was heard on the deck of the fore-castle. The struggle was but momentary, though many fell, and the narrow arena was soon slippery with blood. The Boulogne mariner was foremost among his countrymen, and at that desperate emergency,

* The Advertisements in the Newspapers have this week dropped the desolating name of "The Juvenile Library." Is not this rather a symptom of the "rattles in the throat" of this publication?

Ludlow and Trysail fought in the common herd. Numbers prevailed, and it was fortunate for the commander of the *Coquette* that the sudden recoil of a human body, that fell upon him, drove him from his footing to the deck beneath.

"Recovering from the fall, the young captain cheered his men by his voice, and was answered by the deep-mouthed shouts which an excited seaman is ever ready to deliver even to the death.

"Rally in the gangways and defy them!" was the animated cry. 'Rally in the gangways, hearts of oak!' was returned by Trysail, in a ready but weakened voice. The men obeyed, and Ludlow saw that he could still muster a force capable of resistance.

Both parties for a moment paused. The fire of the top annoyed the boarders, and the defendants hesitated to advance. But the rush from both was common, and a fierce encounter occurred at the foot of the foremast. The crowd thickened in the rear of the French, and one of their numbers no sooner fell than another filled his place. The English receded, and Ludlow, extricating himself from the mass, retired to the quarter-deck.

"Give way, men!" he again shouted, so clear and steady, as to be heard above the cries and execrations of the fight. "Into the wings—down—between the guns—down—to your covers!"

"The English disappeared as if by magic. Some leaped upon the ridge-ropes, others sought the protection of the guns, and many went through the hatches. At that moment Ludlow made his most desperate effort. Aided by the gunner, he applied matches to the two swivels which had been placed in readiness for a last resort. The deck was enveloped in smoke, and when the vapour lifted, the forward part of the ship was as clear as if man had never trod it. All who had not fallen had vanished.

"A shout and a loud hurrah brought back the defendants, and Ludlow headed a charge upon the top-gallant-forecastle again in person. A few of the assailants showed themselves from behind covers on the deck, and the struggle was renewed. Glaring balls of fire sailed over the heads of the combatants, and fell among the throng in the rear. Ludlow saw the danger, and he endeavoured to urge his people on to regain the bow-guns, one of which was known to be loaded. But the explosion of a grenade on deck and in his rear, was followed by a shock in the hold that threatened to force the bottom out of the vessel. The alarmed and weakened crew began to waver, and as a fresh attack of grenades was followed by a fierce rally, in which the assailants brought up fifty men in a body from their boats, Ludlow found himself compelled to retire amid the retreating mass of his own crew.

"The defence now assumed the character of hopeless but desperate resistance. The cries of the enemy were more and more clamorous, and they succeeded in nearly silencing the top by a heavy fire of musketry established on the bowsprit and sprit sail-yard.

"Events passed much faster than they can be related. The enemy were in possession of all the forward part of the ship to her fore hatches, but into these young Hopper had thrown himself with half a dozen men, and, aided by a brother midshipman in the launch, backed by a few followers, they still held the assailants at bay. Ludlow cast an eye behind him, and began to think of selling his life as dearly as possible in the cabins. That glance was arrested by the sight of the malign smile of the sea-green lady, as the gleaming face rose above the taffrail. A dozen dark forms leaped upon the poop, and then arose a voice that sent every tone it uttered to his heart.

"Abide the shock!" was the shout of those who came to the succour, and 'abide the shock,' was echoed by the crew. The mysterious image glided along the deck, and Ludlow knew the athletic frame that brushed through the throng at its side.

"There was little noise in the onset, save the groans of the sufferers. It endured but a moment, but it was a moment that resembled the passage of a whirlwind. The defendants knew that they were succoured, and the assailants recoiled before so unexpected a foe. The few that were caught beneath the fore-castle were mercilessly slain, and those above were swept from their post like chaff drifting in a gale. The living and the dead were heard falling alike into the sea, and in an inconceivably short space of time the decks of the *Coquette* were free. A solitary enemy still hesitated on the bowsprit. A powerful and active frame leaped along the spar, and though the blow was not seen, its effects were visible, as the victim tumbled helplessly into the ocean.

"The hurried dash of oars followed, and before the defendants had time to assure themselves of the completeness of their success, the gloomy void of the surrounding ocean had swallowed up the boats." iii. 216—223.

The reader who confines his knowledge of the tale to the extract we have given, might almost be persuaded to attach a supernatural agency to the sudden presence of the sea-green lady, otherwise called the Water Witch, in the scene we have just quoted. But the illusion vanishes when we inform him, that the "gleaming face," "swarthy look," and "malign smile" of the witch, were all contrived by a daubed transparency—a sort of jack-o'-lantern—carried by a smuggler to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries;" and that the mysterious image that glided by its side, was no less a person than Tom Tiller, the Skimmer of the Seas, who came with his crew to the rescue, and who, to use the language of the author, stood "six feet between plank and carline."

We think the third volume decidedly the best. At this stage of the story a wider field is opened for the exhibition of the author's powers. We feel, hear, and see, all that he describes, and are gratified and rewarded for the time we lost on the Flemish geldings, the insipid jargon of negroes, and sundry wild and absurd extravagancies which abound in the first part of the work. The character of Myndert Van Beverout is fairly drawn—a substantial burgher of the province of New York, in the reign of Queen Anne;—but the attempt to give point to dialogue, and pungency to expression, by employing monotonous exclamations, is puerile, and betrays the weakness of an author's graphic resources.

We have said the best we could of this work, and fear it will not realize our readers' expectations.

An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains, especially of those found in the British Strata; intended to aid the Student in his Inquiries respecting the Nature of Fossils, and their connexion with the Formation of the Earth. With illustrative Plates. Second Edition. With the Author's latest Corrections. By James Parkinson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 1850. London, M. A. Nattali; Leicester, Combe & Son.

This is a distinct, concise, but withal comprehensive account of fossil organic remains, as known to us at present. Their tribes, genera, and species are minutely detailed—the localities and strata in which they are found—the earthy and metallic substances which form their matrices, or enter into their composition.

Previous to these details, the author gives a short view of the changes which occur in vege-

table and animal bodies when deprived of life, according to the extent to which they are subjected to the influence of air, moisture, and other chemical agencies, and as they are situated so as to favour or resist the reaction of their own elements. He illustrates the changes in vegetable substances by the conversion of grass into hay—of the plant *spagnum palustre* into peat—of wood and other vegetable matters into coal;—differing in opinion from Professor Jamieson, of Edinburgh, who believes coal to be an original chemical formation,—informing us that wood has been found in very different degrees of bituminization; and that, by Dr. Macculloch, the bituminous lignite jet, which in its chemical character approaches the nearest to coal, has, by heat under pressure, been converted into a substance identical with coal, having not merely its colour and inflammability, but its fracture, and odour on burning; and that this fact has been confirmed by the experiments and observations of Mr. Hatchett.

The chief or most abundant element of wood is carbon—equally so of coal. By the action of water, wood is bituminized in different degrees; and within the bowels of the earth heat generated under high pressure may complete the process of its full conversion. The elements of water are oxygen and hydrogen—of atmospheric air, oxygen and nitrogen;—the chief elements of vegetable substances are oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon—of animal substances, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. In a few of the former, nitrogen has been found in a very small quantity, and this, perhaps, from the adventitious presence of atmospheric air; in still fewer of the latter has nitrogen been found wanting, and this only in a very few of their products. In addition to these chief elements, earthy and metallic substances enter in greater or less proportion into the composition of living animal and vegetable bodies, the latter taking them from the soil, and affording them to the former. Of these chief elements, carbon, of which the diamond is a crystallized specimen in perfect purity, is the only one in its own nature fixed; the natural state of the others is that of an elastic fluid. All these elements are capable of combining in different proportions; and thence result all the varieties of animal and vegetable products—substances the most dissimilar in appearance, colour, taste, and properties, having exactly the same elements somewhat differently combined. Deprived of life, the balance of the elements necessary for living, organization, and action, no longer maintained by the throwing off of redundant, or the absorption of deficient elements,—the elements of the air and water, and those of animal and vegetable substances attract each other and combine; and the consequence is the resolution of the animal or vegetable substance—the dissipation of their more volatile or elastic elements—viz. oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, or their combination with their fixed base (carbon) in different proportions, forming new and very different substances from the original animal or vegetable body, and capable of resisting further change for long indefinite periods.

After a short account of some of these changes, Mr. Parkinson shows how the spaces left by the removal of the softer or more volatile parts of vegetable and animal substances become filled up with earthy and metallic deposits—the earthy being chiefly of the calcareous, silicious, and argillaceous kinds—the metallic chiefly of the ferruginous and cupreous: the natural consequence of these earthy and metallic substances being held most abundantly in solution or mixture by the waters which permeate the earth. But we must be brief.

As an introduction to the study of oryctology, this work would have been improved, if the exact meanings of the more difficult terms had

been given. This, indeed, would have required a copious glossary; but it would have greatly lightened the labour, and facilitated the progress of the student. Mr. Parkinson should have remembered, that words, easy and familiar to him, might to others be incomprehensible. It will certainly prove, as he designed it should, a useful guide to the traveller in his researches, who, with this as a *vade mecum*, when he lights upon any of these interesting remains, may be enabled to refer them to their proper genera and species: the most distinctive characters of each being given, and many correct engravings. It may also enable him to obtain any particular organic remains, as the localities and strata in which they are chiefly found are carefully noticed.

Those yet unacquainted with the subject will here find much to interest and astonish them, as they survey the immense variety of animal and vegetable remains—their forms nearly or wholly preserved, their composition greatly changed—which have been found imbedded in the bowels of the earth; some in one strata, and some in another—some found only in those of evidently very ancient formation or deposition, and others in those of more recent date;—the former having at present no living representatives, and no analogues in any of the succeeding superior strata, and affording us, in connexion with the ancient strata in which they are imbedded, strong evidence of our planet having been at very distant intervals the theatre of great changes, and at various times the habitation of beings greatly different from the present. Herodotus mentions that, in his time, the Egyptian priests believed that four great catastrophes, succeeded by new corresponding creations, had happened to the earth; and some pretend to have discovered, in the basin of Paris, evident proofs of four such catastrophes, in four different and successive strata, in which are found animal and vegetable remains of different natures.

Our author evidently believes our planet to have been of very ancient origin, and attempts to reconcile this opinion with the Mosaic account, by making the days of creation periods of indefinite duration. In the Hebrew tongue, the word translated *day* means also an *age*; and in our own, the expression “in our day,” is synonymous with “in our age.”

Mr. Parkinson's opinions on this, and all other subjects, are advanced with modesty and ability; and we recommend the work to all who are curious observers of the phenomena of nature.

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—*History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.* Vol. II. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

THE first volume of the *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery* was deservedly successful—the present is not at all inferior to it. We have, therefore, the less reluctance in offering a few commentaries on the conduct of the editor and publishers of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; and we cannot well defer doing so, seeing that another series is announced under the same management. Messrs. Longman may be staggered at our straight-forward way of dealing with them, and Dr. Lardner may think us wanting in the ordinary courtesies observed between critic and author; but the days of puffing and praising are passing away. Heretofore booksellers, writers, and critics were the only interested parties; if the latter satisfied the former, all jogged on right pleasantly, and the gullied public were never thought of. Authors and booksellers may now understand that there is a public, whose interests will be protected; and as we have before us the Prospectus of another series of volumes called “The Cabinet Li-

brary,” to be published by Messrs. Longman & Co., and edited by Dr. Lardner, we feel bound, as honest journalists, to ascertain how far these parties have redeemed their former pledge, given in the announcement of “The *Cabinet Cyclopædia*,” and we shall do so without further preliminary.

In a prospectus of this work, published in September 1828, the following volumes were reported to be *in active preparation*; and the statement was so worded as to lead the public to believe they would form the commencement of the work:—Treatises on

Optics, by David Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. Sec. R.S.E. &c.
Astronomy, by J. F. W. Herschell, esq. F.R.S. L. & E. M.R.I.A. F.G.S. M.A.S. &c.
Chemistry, by Edward Turner, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c. Prof. Chem. Univ. Lond.
Navigation, by Captain Francis Beaufort, R.N. F.R.S. F.G.S. M.A.S. &c.
In Natural History:—Mammalia, by N. A. Vigors, esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S. Sec. Z.S.
Birds, by Wm. Yarrell, esq. F.L.S. F.Z.S.
Insects, by T. Horsfield, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S. F.Z.S. &c. and Wm. Sharpe Macleay, esq. F.L.S. F.Z.S.
Fishes, by Edward Turner Bennett, esq. F.L.S. Vice Sec. Z.S.
Reptiles, by Thomas Bell, esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. F.Z.S. F.G.S.
Radiata, by Rev. John Fleming, D.D. F.R.S.E. M.W.S. &c.
Mineralogy, by Armand Levi, esq. F.G.S.
Botany, by John Lindley, esq. F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S. Ass. Sec. H.S. and James E. Bicheau, esq. F.L.S. Sec. L.S. F.G.S. F.Z.S.
Besides, there were Treatises on
Painting, by Wm. Young Outley, F.S.A. &c.
Architecture, by Wm. Wilkins, LL.D. R.A. &c.
Heraldry, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, esq.
Philosophy of Language, by Frederick Rosen, Phil. Doct. Univ. Berlin.
History of Greece, by Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

This is a long catalogue, and makes a brilliant display. It is not extraordinary that, with such works *in active preparation*, the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* should have been hailed with welcomes by critics and the public. The bare enumeration of these names was sufficient to satisfy the most critical, and win golden opinions—the mere announcement of such a work insured its success. Now, this was the announcement—here are the promises given—how have the publishers kept their word with the public? Here we are in October 1830, and of all the volumes above enumerated, *not one has yet been published!* Whether it was ever intended that such works should form a part of the *Cyclopædia*, it might be thought unfair to offer an opinion: booksellers and editors are squeamishly delicate, and we might, by the most distant hint of a suspicion, subject them to the necessity of getting all the worthies before mentioned to assure the world of their virtuous intentions; as Moore, and Scott, and Mackintosh were heretofore prevailed on to advertise the *Cyclopædia*. We will, therefore, say nothing about intentions; but we believe that more than one of the learned gentlemen, whose names were given with such pomp in 1828, and whose works were then *in active preparation*, have not, to this hour, written one line of them!

Now, instead of the promised volumes, what mere compilations have the public been surfeited with. We feel now as we felt when

Fraser's rebuke of us, for tomahawking all Colburn's books, threw us back on our recollections, and brought blushes into our iron cheeks—not for the innocents we had slaughtered, but the offending sinners we had allowed to pass without censure; but, in truth, it is a hateful office to sit for ever with the black cap on, condemning criminals;—the Old Bailey judges have their holidays. Besides, the public taste has been so long accustomed to the publishers' commendation of their own books, that a little wholesome truth is quite as much as they can well relish. But, without mention of particular works, we ask whether the majority of the volumes hitherto published would not have fallen still-born, and gone direct from the printer's to the trunk-makers, or the butter-shop, had they not formed a part of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*? It is certain that the majority of the works published were not announced in the prospectus; and the majority of the works announced in the prospectus, have not been published! The most distinguished writers figure among the contributors in the prospectus;—indeed, we believe such a marshaling of enigmatical distinctions, honorary hieroglyphics, never preceded any other work—and for what? to play whiffles and lords-in-waiting to half-a-dozen anonymous volumes, or worse. It reminds us of the *promised* guests who did *not* come, and of the unwelcome visitors who filled their chairs, in Goldsmith's admirable poem of the Haunch of Venison—the Jew and the Scotchman were poor substitutes for Burke and Johnson.

It may be still said that these works are *in active preparation*;—then, we ask, when is this *Cyclopædia* to be finished?—why, we must leave it to be completed by our children's children—it will be a sort of heir-loom, and pass down for generations; a perfect copy will be the best evidence of gentility—worth a dozen genealogical tables: to trace up to the Conqueror may be something now, but a subscriber's copy of the *Cyclopædia* will hereafter beat it hollow.

We have said thus much, but not without regret. It would be unjust, in this temper, to proceed directly to the review of the work before us, which has so accidentally given rise to our observations, and we shall therefore defer the notice of it.

Conversations of James Northcote, Esq. R.A. By William Hazlitt. Post 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

WE have been prevented from returning so soon as we intended to these interesting *Conversations*; but the topics on which the discourses turn can never grow old; and good talk preserved in print is not a very perishable commodity. We have marked several passages in the volume before us, with which our readers cannot fail to be delighted; and we shall not detain them from the intellectual pleasure in store for them.

The character of William Godwin, or G—, as he is tenderly lettered, is faithfully and spiritedly hit off:—

“There is G—, who is a very good man; yet when Mr. H— and myself wished to introduce him at the house of a lady who lives in a round of society, and has a strong tinge of the *blue-stocking*, she would not hear of it. The sound of the name seemed to terrify her. It was his *writings* she was afraid of. Even Cosway made a difficulty too.”

"I replied—'I should not have expected this of him, who was as great a visionary and as violent a politician as any body could be.'"

"Northcote." "It passed off in Cosway as whim. He was one of those butterfly characters that nobody minded: so that his opinion went for nothing; but it would not do to bring any one else there, whose opinion might be more regarded and equally unpalatable. G—'s case is particularly hard in this respect: he is a profligate in theory, and a bigot in conduct. He does not seem at all to practise what he preaches, though this does not appear to avail him anything.'—'Yes,' I said, 'he writes against himself. He has written against matrimony, and has been twice married. He has scouted all the commonplace duties, and yet is a good husband and a kind father. He is a strange composition of contrary qualities. He is a cold formalist, and full of ardour and enthusiasm of mind; dealing in magnificent projects and petty cavils; naturally dull, and brilliant by dint of study; pedantic and playful; a dry logician and a writer of romances.'"

"You describe him," said N—, 'as I remember Baretti once did Sir Joshua Reynolds at his own table, saying to him, 'You are extravagant and mean, generous and selfish, envious and candid, proud and humble, a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time.' I may not remember his exact words, but that was their effect. The fact was, Sir Joshua was a mixed character, like the rest of mankind in that respect; but knew his own failings, and was on his guard to keep them back as much as possible, though the defects would break out sometimes.'—G—, on the contrary," I said, 'is aiming to let his out, and to magnify them into virtues in a kind of hot-bed of speculation. He is shocking on paper and tame in reality.'"

Our readers will detect, in the following observations, a painter of the present day—an outlying deer of the Royal Academy—in spite of the decoying initial X, which leads from the true name. The delicacy of initials is here carried to a ridiculous excess:

"After B— was gone, we spoke of X—. I regretted his want of delicacy towards the public as well as towards his private friends. I did not think he had failed so much from want of capacity, as from attempting to bully the public into a premature or overstrained admiration of him, instead of gaining ground upon them by improving on himself; and he now felt the ill effects of the re-action of this injudicious proceeding. He had no real love of his art, and therefore did not apply or give his whole mind sedulously to it; and was more bent on bespeaking notoriety beforehand by puffs and announcements of his works, than on giving that degree of perfection which would ensure lasting reputation. No one would ever attain the highest excellence, who had so little nervous sensibility as to take credit for it (either with himself or others) without being at the trouble of producing it. It was securing the reward in the first instance; and afterwards, it would be too much to expect the necessary exertion or sacrifices. Unlimited credit was as dangerous to success in art as in business. 'And yet he still finds dupes,' said Northcote; to which I replied, it was impossible to resist him, as long as you kept on terms with him: any difference of opinion or reluctance on your part made no impression on him, and unless you quarrelled with him downright, you must do as he wished you.—'And how then,' said Northcote, 'do you think it possible for a person of this hard unyielding disposition to be a painter, where everything depends on seizing the nicest inflections of feeling and the most evanescent shades of beauty?'"

"No, I'll tell you why he cannot be a painter. He has not virtue enough. No one can give out

to others what he has not in himself, and there is nothing in his mind to delight or captivate the world. I will not deny the mechanical dexterity, but he fails in the mental part. There was Sir Peter Lely: he is full of defects; but he was the fine gentleman of his age, and you see this character stamped on every one of his works—even his errors prove it; and this is one of those things that the world receive with gratitude. Sir Joshua again was not without his faults: he had not grandeur, but he was a man of a mild, bland, amiable character; and this predominant feeling appears so strongly in his works, that you cannot mistake it; and this is what makes them so delightful to look at, and constitutes their charm to others, even without their being conscious of it. There was such a look of nature too. I remember once going through a suite of rooms where they were showing me several fine Vandykes; and we came to one where there were some children, by Sir Joshua, seen through a door—it was like looking at the reality, they were so full of life—the branches of the trees waved over their heads, and the fresh air seemed to play on their cheeks—I soon forgot Vandyke!"

"So, in the famous St. Jerome of Correggio, Garrick used to say, that the Saint resembled a Satyr, and that the child was like a monkey; but then there is such a look of life in the last, it dazzles you with spirit and vivacity; you can hardly believe but it will move or fly:—indeed, Sir Joshua took his Puck from it, only a little varied in the attitude." I said I had seen it not long ago, and that it had remarkably the look of a spirit or a faery or preternatural being, though neither beautiful nor dignified. I remarked to Northcote, that I had never sufficiently relished Correggio; that I had tried several times to work myself up to the proper degree of admiration, but that I always fell back again into my former state of lukewarmness and scepticism; though I could not help allowing, that what he did, he appeared to me to do with more feeling than anybody else; that I could conceive Raphael or even Titian to have represented objects from mere natural capacity (as we see them in a looking-glass) without being absolutely wound up in them, but that I could fancy Correggio's pencil to thrill with sensibility; he brooded over the idea of grace or beauty in his mind till the sense grew faint with it; and like a lover or a devotee, he carried his enthusiasm to the brink of extravagance and affectation, so enamoured was he of his art! Northcote assented to this as a just criticism, and said, 'That is why his works must live: but X— is a hardened egotist, devoted to nothing but himself.' p. 162—5.

This is severe work upon a painter whose genius, however, is distinguishable through all his faults. He certainly abandons himself to the excessive in whatever he attempts or achieves;—he paints in the gigantic, and tortures nature; his writings on Art are arrogant and disputatious; his assertions and his complaints are "à la Hercule's vein";—but then his disappointments, his sufferings, aggravate his discontent and egotism; and in contemplating his character, it is impossible not to see and grieve over great misdirected powers, and to feel and acknowledge that circumstances might have made him as pre-eminently superior in Art, as they have unfortunately conspired to fret, baffle, and destroy him!

There is something extremely affecting in the natural pathos of the following:—

"Northcote then read me from a manuscript volume lying by him, a character drawn of his deceased wife by a Dissenting Minister (a Mr. Fox, of Plymouth) which is so beautiful that I shall transcribe it here.

"Written by Mr. John Fox, on the death of his wife, who was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Isaac Gelling.

"My dear wife died to my unspeakable grief, Dec. 19th, 1762. With the loss of my dear companion died all the pleasure of my life; and no wonder: I had lived with her forty years, in which time nothing happened to abate the strictness of our friendship, or to create a coolness or indifference so common and even unregarded by many in the world. I thank God I enjoyed my full liberty, my health, such pleasures and diversions as I liked, perfect peace and competence during the time; which were all seasoned and heightened every day more or less by constant marks of friendship, most inviolable affection, and a most cheerful endeavour to make my life agreeable. Nothing disturbed me but her many and constant disorders; under all which I could see how her faithful heart was strongly attached to me. And who could stand the shock of seeing the attacks of death upon and then her final dissolution? The consequences to me were fatal. Old age rushed upon me like an armed man: my appetite failed, my strength was gone, every amusement became flat and dull; my countenance fell, and I have nothing to do but to drag on a heavy chain for the rest of my life; which I hope a good God will enable me to do without murmuring, and in conclusion, to say with all my soul—

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

"This was written on a paper blotted by tears, and stuck with wafers into the first page of the family Bible." p. 81-2.

"The Pilot," by American Cooper, is, as we all know, a clever novel; but we had passed over what is deservedly noticed in these Conversations:—

"I asked if he had seen the American novels, in one of which (the Pilot) there was an excellent description of an American privateer expecting the approach of an English man-of-war in a thick fog, when some one saw what appeared to be a bright cloud rising over the fog, but it proved to be the topsail of a seventy-four. N— thought this was striking, but had not seen the book.—'Was it one of L—'s?'—'Oh! no, he is a mere trifler—a flitree man—an English littérateur at second-hand; but the Pilot gave a true and unvarnished picture of American character and manners. The storm, the fight, the whole account of the ship's crew, and in particular of an old boatswain, were done to the life—every thing

"Suffered a sea change
Into something new and strange."

Sir Walter Scott is very pleasantly remembered in the following passage. It is well to hear what men of genius say to each other:—

"N. I was much pleased with Sir Walter, and I believe he expressed a favourable opinion of me. I said to him, 'I admire the way in which you begin your novels. You set out so abruptly, that you quite surprise me. I can't at all tell what's coming.' 'No!' says Sir Walter, 'nor I neither.' I then told him, that when I first read *Waverley*, I said it was no novel: nobody could invent like that. Either he had heard the story related by one of the surviving parties, or he had found the materials in a manuscript concealed in some old chest; to which he replied, 'You're not so far out of the way in thinking so.' You don't know him, do you? He'd be a pattern to you. Oh! he has a very fine manner. You would learn to rub off some of your asperities. But you admire him, I believe.

"H. Yes; on this side of idolatry and Toryism.

"N. That is your prejudice.

"H. Nay, it rather shows my liberality, if I am a devoted enthusiast, notwithstanding. There are two things I admire in Sir Walter, his capacity and his simplicity; which indeed I am apt to think are much the same. The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with the idea of himself. Every one gives the same account of the author of *Waverley* in this respect. When he was in Paris, and went to Galignani's, he sat down in an outer room to look at some book he wanted to see: none of the clerks had the least suspicion who it was: when it was found out, the place was in a commotion. Cooper, the American, was in Paris at the same time: his looks and manner seemed to announce a much greater man. He strutted through the streets with a very consequential air; and in company held up his head, screwed up his features, and placed himself on a sort of pedestal to be observed and admired, as if he never relaxed in the assumption nor wished it to be forgotten by others, that he was the American Sir Walter Scott. The real one never troubled himself about the matter. Why should he? He might safely leave that question to others. Indeed, by what I am told, he carries his indifference too far: it amounts to an implied contempt for the public, and *misprision of treason* against the commonwealth of letters. He thinks nothing of his works, although 'all Europe rings with them from side to side.' If so, he has been severely punished for his infirmity.

"N. Though you do not know Sir Walter Scott, I think I have heard you say you have seen him.

"H. Yes, he put me in mind of Cobbett, with his florid face and scarlet gown, which were just like the other's red face and scarlet waistcoat. The one is like an English farmer, the other like a Scotch laird. Both are large, robust men, with great strength and composure of features; but I saw nothing of the ideal character in the romance-writer, any more than I look for it in the politician." p. 221—4.

Great injustice has been done, by Mr. Northcote, to Fielding and Hogarth—the two great artists of human nature. Fielding writes as Hogarth paints; and men and women look, breathe, think, act, and deceive as these great authors have represented them. Mr. Northcote thus speaks in detraction:—

"(Some remarks having been made on the foregoing conversation, Mr. Northcote, the next time I saw him, took up the subject nearly as follows.)

"N. The newspaper critic asks with an air of triumph as if he had found a *mare's nest*—'What! are *Sophia Western* and *Allworthy*, St. Giles's?' Why, they are the very ones: they are *Tower-stamp!* *Bliffl*, and *Black George*, and *Squire* are not—they have some sense and spirit in them and are so far redeemed, for Fielding put his own cleverness and ingenuity into them; but as to his refined characters, they are an essence of vulgarity and insipidity. *Sophia* is a poor doll; and as to *Allworthy*, he has not the soul of a goose: and how does he behave to the young man that he has brought up and pampered with the expectations of a fortune and of being a fine gentleman? Does he not turn him out to starve or rob on the highway without the shadow of an excuse, on a mere maudlin sermonizing pretext of morality, and with as little generosity as principle? No, Fielding did not know what virtue or refinement meant. As Richardson said, he should have thought his books were written by an ostler; or Sir John Hawkins has expressed it still better, that the virtues of his heroes are the virtues of dogs and horses—he does not go beyond that—not indeed so far, for his *Tom Jones* is not so good as Lord Byron's Newfoundland dog. I have known Newfoundland dogs with twenty times his under-

standing and good-nature. That is where Richardson has the advantage over Fielding. * * *

"Cunningham (the writer of the *Life*) pretends to cry up Hogarth as a painter; but this is not true. He moulded little figures and placed them to see how the lights fell and how the drapery came in, which gave a certain look of reality and relief; but this was not enough to give breadth or grace, and his figures look like puppets after all, or like dolls dressed up. Who would compare any of these little, miserable, deformed caricatures of men and women, to the figure of St. Paul preaching at Athens? What we justly admire and emulate is that which raises human nature, not that which degrades and holds it up to scorn. We may laugh to see a person rolled in the kennel, but we are ashamed of ourselves for doing so. We are amused with *Tom Jones*; but we rise from the perusal of *Clarissa* with higher feelings and better resolutions than we had before. St. Giles's is not the only school of art. It is nature, to be sure; but we must select nature. Ask the meanest person in the gallery at a play-house which he likes best, the tragedy or the farce? And he will tell you, without hesitation, the tragedy—and will prefer Mrs. Siddons to the most exquisite buffoon. He feels an ambition to be placed in the situations, and to be associated with the characters, described in tragedy, and none to be connected with those in a farce: because he feels a greater sense of power and dignity in contemplating the one, and only sees his own weakness and littleness reflected and ridiculed in the other."

"Pretend to cry up Hogarth"! *Pretend!* as though his intellectual creations did not command the homage of all who have an eye for beauty, and a mind for "the soul of good in things evil." Mr. Northcote, at p. 308 of the volume, admits, indeed, that he has not read Fielding's exquisite novel, "*Amelia*"; and yet he hazards the assertion, that Richardson excels Fielding. It is, perhaps, not to ask too much, when we require that a judge should know the case before he delivers judgment upon it;—and if, after forming an intimate acquaintance with the long, heroic, eccentric Col. Bath—the charming, kind-hearted, excellent Dr. Harrison—and the mild, suffering, virtuous *Amelia*,—Mr. Northcote could maintain his erring opinion, we should be more disposed to fight the matter out in bitter earnest, than, with our recollection of his age—his undying enthusiasm—and his wise saws upon Art, immortal Art!—we are now prepared to do. Let our bright old man hang over Titian's deathless eyes and Sir Joshua's children, until the world crumbles, and we shall never a-weary of his dreamy raptures. On such subjects he talks in oil-colours and is Titianesque!

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, delineated. Quadrupeds, Vol. I. Chiswick, Whittingham; London, Sharp.

THIS book will be invaluable to the sick, to the infirm,—and, indeed, to all those persons who from weakness of constitution or the severity of our English summers, are unable to go upon their travels so far as the Zoological Gardens, in the back settlements of the Regent's Park—where the wild beasts of the desert and the wild birds of the wood and rock abound. The Zoological Gardens may be visited in this singularly faithful and beautiful work to the perfect satisfaction of the eye;—and, perhaps the holiday which the ear and nose enjoy in this pictured view is not without its pleasures and relief. Bewick was the first designer that caught bird and beast

alive in the wood—and so preserved them. But those, who have not seen what Messrs. Branston and Wright can achieve as wood-engravers, will stare like the Sun's own Eagle at the wonders that await them. The skin of the leopard—the coat of the chinchilla—the hair of the beaver—are none of your mock skins—but are the real furs! It is scarcely possible to believe, that the graver bath on a block of wood wrought such light and magic work. The animals are drawn not only from the life, but with the life, by Mr. Harvey—who is indisputably the lion's own Sir Thomas Lawrence. He is a gentleman who would work his way over an African desert—charming the brutes—not as Orpheus did with his lyre, but by the power of his pencil.

The publication of a work so spiritedly, yet so carefully got up as this, is a real treasure to taste and science. Any one may now have his own menagerie in his own room;—every gentleman be his own Wombwell. The descriptions under the cuts are unaffectedly written—and most beautifully printed by Mr. Whittingham of Chiswick; and at the approaching season of the year for gifts and sights, we know not how a young person of sense and taste can experience a richer treat than in receiving this delightful volume as a present.

Chartley, the Fatalist. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Bull.

THIS is an interesting story, told with considerable skill and effect. Though not, perhaps, what the critical might wish, it has the merit of being a natural and naturally-told tale of ordinary life, with that mixture of the imaginative and the superstitious in character, and of the dramatic in the conduct of its incident, which makes a readable and amusing work of fiction. The wearied critic, in short, peruses "*Chartley*" with some degree of favour, from finding, that in it he is neither disgusted with the hackneyed affectations of the fashionable novel, nor bored with the "heavy business" (to use an actor's phrase) of rusty antiquarian lore, elaborately wrought into imitations of old Sir Walter, which is called an "historical tale."

But the present story, however interesting it becomes as we proceed, gives, we must confess, no promise at the outset, either of the taste or powers of the author. The difficulty of beginning a story, so as to bespeak the interest and favourable opinion of the reader, is admitted to be very formidable. Of this difficulty, the author of "*Chartley*" seems to have been in some degree aware, from the labour he has evidently bestowed upon this part of the work; but he has failed, notwithstanding. The novel opens with a description of the Marden Cove, a place on the sea coast, exceedingly beautiful, but exceedingly terrific from the "tales of mystery" that are related of it; and it turns out to be a "doomed spot" to a certain ancient family in its neighbourhood, who never approached it, although their own property, but some sad disaster happens to them,—and it thus becomes an accessory to the superstitious belief of the owner, in an overhanging fatality by which he imagines himself to be led even into crime and misery. At this early part of the story the hero seems to be a sentimental young gentleman, who is wandering about a secluded part of the country in quest of love adventures, and mightily at a loss how to employ himself. In one of his musing and melancholy moments, he is startled by some one gliding among the trees and bushes, who turns out to be just such a lady for youth, beauty, and mystery, as a romantic young man would naturally fall in love with. Following her, with breathless anxiety, Mr. Chartley observes, that the instant she comes within sight of the ominous Cove, and the

sea beyond, she falls on her knees seemingly in great distress. He follows her, of course, but to his anxious and earnest questionings she will not explain herself, and this greatly increases the mystery and fairly begins the novel. All this is exceedingly trifling, and unworthy of "one of the contributors of Blackwood's Magazine," but the author succeeds shortly after in making some good points, and as the story becomes natural it increases in interest.

It was not to be expected that the young hero should long continue in the state of love and mystery before mentioned, without committing his future happiness by some rash step; so, being young and green in the world's ways, his warmest wishes are gratified, and he becomes a married man. But like all hasty marriages, though exceedingly delightful and romantic at the time, it did not turn out as expected by the ardent youth, who thought himself united to the beautiful young lady who had startled him in the wood; but the father of his bride, a misanthropic old Colonel, stole a march upon him. The following is the account of the wedding:—

"On entering the hallowed edifice, they beheld the misanthrope standing at the altar, and his daughter leaning on his arm, dressed in white, and so deeply veiled as entirely to conceal her features. The ceremony was scarcely terminated, when the hour of noon was tolled by the ancient village clock. Emma Reeve was given to Edward Chartley, by her father; and when he joined their hands, the bridegroom felt that of his bride tremble within his; he pressed it gently, the pressure was returned, and she sank forward as though she would have fallen on his arm. A word, from her parent, however, seemed to revive her; and, though, when it was necessary for her to speak, her voice was low and tremulous, the Rector has often said that he believed, from her conduct, that her heart was as deeply engaged in the affair as that of his young friend. When all was over, Colonel Reeve desired that the bridesmaid might be allowed to hand the bride to her carriage. The clerk was then, at his request, dismissed.

"'Are we alone?' asked the veteran. It was easy to ascertain that no one lurked within the little church.

"'We are,' replied the Rector, 'but were it not better to adjourn to my house, if you have any business to arrange? the storm has now past, methinks, and you can be as private there as you think fit.'

"'No, sir, we are here now at the altar,' said the Colonel, 'and no place can be so proper for the few words, perhaps the last, that I may have to say to my son-in-law.' He then turned toward Edward Chartley, and gave him his hand. 'We are friends,' he continued, 'may we ever remain so! Think of the past as a display of human weakness. From this hour I entrust to your keeping my only cause of hope and fear in this world. A young heart that may bloom or wither as you shall nurture and cherish its amiable feelings. She is all goodness, and premature affection hath softened and bent her spirit. You, likewise, have had some lessons in that school. But enough of this. One thing ever remember, you have sought this charge, you found us severed from the world and all its ties. I sought you not; and heaven knows, had I guessed your intent, never should you have entered twice within my doors. But the die is now cast. Go to the house which is henceforth yours, and be happy! You need not wealth, I am told; but now I may tell you that fortune hath given me much; and you will find more at your disposal than might satisfy young ambition; yet, full well I know that gold hath no power to purchase happiness. We must part for the present. I could have wished that our explanation had not taken place near that fatal spot which has

been witness to the wreck of all my past bliss. Call it not superstition, but, when I am far away, beware of that Cove! And, above all, let not poor Emma wander there alone. There are local associations which will spring up in the mind, and phantasms will appear to the imagination, such as those whose souls have not been weighed by sorrow to the earth, cannot dream of. But I confide in you—I must—I will.'

"Here the Colonel paused awhile, and seemed as though he wished, yet felt unable to give utterance to something that was on his mind. The indecision was, however, brief. He turned toward the Rector, who yet stood within the communion rails, and shaking him by the hand, affectionately uttered the word, 'Farewell!'

"He then addressed Chartley in a solemn tone, gradually deepening into intense feeling, as he proceeded, 'If you seek her happiness, and restore her by kind attentions and solicitude to that place in society, which, but for her unhappy father and his afflictions, she had never quitted, may heaven shower down its blessings upon your head as the rain descendeth! But if you neglect or behave unkindly to her—Oh God! the thought is madness! may a father's curse—and all—'

"'Hold, hold! I beseech you!' exclaimed the Rector, 'Remember where we are! This is no place for a man's passions wildly to rove into the future; and, I must tell you, Colonel Reeve, it were unjust. You have no cause for suspicion.'

"'Enough!' said the veteran. 'Farewell, Chartley—farewell!' and, for a second, he held the hand of his son-in-law: then, turning abruptly from the altar, he strode hastily down the aisle, and the next minute the two friends heard the clattering of his horse's feet as he left the precincts of the churchyard.

"There were two carriages at the porch. In the first sat the bride alone, closely veiled as she had been during the ceremony. A servant opened the door and Edward was, in a moment, at her side. The village bells instantly began a merry peal, and the horses rushed forward toward the Park. Poor Emma sat silent. Chartley spoke to her, but received no answer. Her hand was locked in his, and he passed his arm round her waist. Her head fell upon his shoulder, and he pressed her to his side, and was, for a minute, forgetful of all the world, absorbed in unutterable bliss. It was a brief trance,—a dreadful awakening to the truth awaited him. A fear that his beloved, exhausted by her feelings, had fainted, first came over him. He inquired respecting her health; and, receiving no reply, lifted up the long and thick veil which enshrouded her. She had not fainted—her beautiful eyes, while her cheeks were suffused with blushes, gazed upon him with an expression of confiding tenderness. He saw that countenance but for a moment—the next it was hid in his bosom, while he sank back senseless in the carriage—it was a face which he had NEVER PREVIOUSLY BEHELD—it was that of AN UTTER STRANGER." i. 90—98.

Not, however, to spoil the interest of the volumes, we shall only extract the following clever scene between a confiding father and a married man, who has ruined the daughter of the former. The guilty pair are travelling in France, when they accidentally meet with the lady's father at Boulogne; and her attendant having been introduced to him as the seducer's wife, with whom, as a companion, his daughter is supposed to be on a tour, the ruined old man is quite overwhelmed with gratitude to the villain who had abused the trust reposed in him. The scene is in the public room in the inn at Boulogne:—

"When his favourite beverage made its appearance, poor Mr. Reeve partook of it with a feverish and pitiable zest; and, as its effects

were wrought upon him, became more vehement in his expressions of gratitude to Mr. Chartley for all his kindness towards his child.

"'You know not, my dear sir,' said the unhappy man, 'what a relief you have afforded to my mind. You have been my best and only real friend. What could I have done for my dear girl? Fool that I was to meddle in politics, of which I knew nothing! Oh, sir! young and inexperienced as you are, you can form no idea of my sufferings, when I beheld that beloved child reduced, by my folly, to poverty, and sharing my exile among strangers, or, what was worse, exposed to the contaminating influence of the vilest among my own countrymen, with whom I had madly connected myself. Often when I gazed upon her opening beauty, I shuddered to think what might be her fate—and the thought drove me almost to despair. I sought to drown reflection, sir.' Here he swallowed a large tumbler full of wine, as if it were necessary to recruit his strength.

"That what he said smote Chartley to the heart, cannot be doubtful; but the 'searing' of his conscience, as with a red-hot iron' had now commenced, and he felt not as he would formerly have felt under even a slight reproach. Time had been allowed for reflecting on what might occur, and he anticipated something of this sort. He therefore gave a melancholy proof of his progress in hypocrisy by replying, 'Really, my dear sir, you very much over-rate the service which you are pleased to suppose I have rendered you. You should recollect that Miss Reeve is a most valuable acquisition to our little party, and that, as she is Mrs. Chartley's only relative, we are, as it were, only fulfilling our duty by requesting her to accompany us.'

"'Well, well, my dearest friend,' said Mr. Reeve, 'I will not argue the point with you. I see the generosity of your heart—but I must—I must thank you,' and he seized Edward's hand, and pressed it in the warmth of his gratitude, while tears stood trembling in his eyes. 'Pshaw!' he continued, 'I am an old fool! But you don't know what it is to be a father—the father of an only child—and that child a daughter—a motherless daughter—and exposed, sir, as my child was exposed. I knew, sir, that when she was in Paris, the society into which she was thrown was not that which she ought to have kept; but I was sunk into a state of torpor, or what was worse, deluded by wild hopes. I had strange dreams, sir—strange dreams—and when they proved but dreams, I relied upon my brother and his fortune. I felt that he would be a friend to my poor and beautiful child. Then he came—and I saw him lie dead at my feet—and then—after that—there was a madness over me, I think, for awhile. I hardly know what I did, for I dare not think—and we were lost—lost—character—all—all gone, when you came forward to our rescue. God bless you, sir; I give up my child to your keeping, and heaven bless you, as you supply the place of a parent to her, and introduce her in that rank of society in which she ought to move, but from which her father has degraded himself.'

"'Say no more—say no more upon the subject!' exclaimed Chartley, whose stoicism was rapidly forsaking him at this display of natural feeling.

"Mr. Reeve had spoken rapidly and with the fervour often displayed by men whose sensibilities are aroused under the influence of wine. ••

"It was not surprising therefore that, on the present occasion, he dealt much in the superlative and became almost eloquent. Such was the earnestness of his tone and the vehemence of his manner that his companion became sensible that they had entirely engrossed the attention of the only party of military now remaining in the room. This little group consisted of three persons sitting at a small round table,

at the farther end of the lofty and spacious apartment. Two of them were in uniform, and faced each other at draughts; while the third, dressed in a plain blue surtout, sat, with his back towards the spiced wine-drinkers, leaning over the table and apparently watching the progress of the game. Chartley felt uncomfortable, he scarcely knew why, at the hushed silence in which this party had for some time sat—perhaps the wine, to which he was little accustomed, might have had some effect upon him—but he thought their silence unnatural—it seemed ominous—it became painful to him; for, although the two officers occasionally moved the men upon the draught-board, no sound was heard—all was in dumb show; and he was convinced that they were listening to what passed between him and his companion.

"Determined upon retiring, he therefore hinted to Mr. Reeve that it was time to separate, and pleaded excessive fatigue.

"Well, well," was the reply, "I see how it is. You are used to regular hours and all that sort of thing; so I won't keep you up much longer; but I must tell you about that fellow at Paris, that Comte Belleville, because we can't speak about him before the ladies, and I dare say you'll see or hear something of him. Well, sir, the fellow's as rich as a Jew, and, if he once sets his eye upon a young girl, why—curse me if I can bear to think of it! You must know, I wouldn't tell any one else; but there ought not to be any secrets between us, I got an inkling that he was dangling after my Emmy; and young girls, you know, are apt to be dazzled by show, and flattery, and carriages, and so on. Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Chartley, and he filled himself a tumbler of wine, which he drank off at a draught, for it seemed to him, at the moment, that he was about to faint.

"Bravo! my lad," cried Mr. Reeve, "you may rely on it there's nothing like spiced claret, with a dash of the genuine *eau de vie* in it, just simmered, sir, over the fire, for a raw winter's night. Remind me to-morrow morning, and I'll give you my receipt."

"I thank you, it is excellent," replied Chartley, "but, as you were saying, this Comte Belleville?"

"Aye, aye, curse the fellow," exclaimed Mr. Reeve, (and again he filled his glass), "here's deep and everlasting damnation to him and all seducers! You won't refuse that toast, I'm sure. May the father's curse never fail to take effect on the deceiver of his child! May he rot, inch by inch! perish by the road side!"

"But how?—what?—allow me to inquire," gasped Chartley, "what has this Comte done?"

"Quite enough, nephew, quite enough," replied Mr. Reeve, "that is, quite enough to rouse a father's indignation. He saw that we were poor, he knew that we were strangers; and he found means to introduce himself to me; and, curse him for his hypocrisy! to lay me under an obligation; and then—it almost chokes me to repeat it—he dared—though a married man—mark that, sir—a married man!—he dared to breathe poison into the ear of my innocent and beautiful child. He dared to whisper to her of lawless love, under the name of destiny, and other titles invented by this infernal new philosophy, as they call it. And she listened—aye, poor thing! how could it be otherwise? She knew not what he meant—for she looked upon him as a friend. Oh, Mr. Chartley! little can you imagine the agony of my feelings when first I made the discovery! I taxed the villain with his baseness, and he dared to smile at what he termed my squeamishness. More than three score years have gone over my head, sir; but the blood of the O'Briens and the Reeves was never yet tarnished, and I challenged him; but the poltroon sheltered himself by his patent of

nobility. Nobility, indeed!—The next day I found that he had commenced legal proceedings against me for money which I had borrowed of him. Mark me, sir, this was my friend. Had I remained in Paris, he would have secured me in a prison, and then my poor unprotected child—the recollection almost drives me mad."

"But, as all ended well, sir," said Chartley, tremulously, "you should endeavour to forget it—that is, not to allow it to disturb you. Perhaps, after all, you may have judged somewhat too harshly—the young lady, I am sure—"

"I see what you are driving at," observed Mr. Reeve: "you wish to make my mind easy on the subject. But, there is no need, sir, there is no need. The thing is past—gone—but never can be forgiven or forgotten." Having said these words, he remained silent for the space of half a minute, during which his teeth were firmly compressed, and his lowered brows were knit into an angry scowl, while his eyes sparkled fiercely, and almost savagely beneath. Mr. Chartley was startled. He had never before noticed any resemblance; but now, so strongly was the "family likeness" apparent, that he almost fancied the late Colonel was sitting before him.

"It appeared as if Mr. Reeve had been summoning all his energies, as he resumed, in a stern and impressive tone. "You may judge, sir, of the value which a father has for a daughter's happiness, when I tell you that, had the villain dared to meet me, I had an oath, sir, a solemn oath registered in my own heart, that blood should have been spilt—one or both of us should have remained on the ground. Aye—and the time may yet come—"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Chartley: "let me intreat you not to allow your thoughts to dwell no more upon the matter."

"Well, well, then, I will not," said Mr. Reeve; and again seizing his companion's hand, and pressing it affectionately, he continued, "I know I talk like a foolish old fellow; but my feelings are warm—warm—aye, my blood boils within me, when I think of any one venturing to injure my child—nay, sir—our child—she is under your protection, and again and again I thank you for your kindness to her. She is now the only remaining hope of all our family—"

"Edward Chartley endeavoured to say something in reply, but the effort to speak was almost suffocating. They both arose, and walked together to the door, where they parted in silence. The confiding parent bent his way homeward, with a feeling of happiness which he had not experienced for years, and when Chartley returned into the hall, it need scarcely be said that he was miserable." ii. 47—64.

Upon the main subject, however, which has furnished this novel with its name,—Fatalism,—the reader, who, from the title, is led to expect anything philosophical, will find himself disappointed. The fatalism of this story is merely of the commonplace sort, which makes a superstitious and vague notion of an irresistible fate or destiny, a pretext for folly, and an excuse for guilt. There is not a word of reasoning connected with it; and the author seems perfectly unaware that the subject has ever been entertained by lofty minds, or made any part of the gropings of reason upon the metaphysics of the world. He seems equally ignorant of the gloomy doctrine of the ancient stoics, and the profound and pathetic reflections upon the sad inequalities of men's fortunes and their strange destinies, breathed in the impressive numbers of the Greek poets. Of the wild mysticism of the modern German school upon the same subject, and its awful and atheistic bearings, the author of this performance is as innocent in his knowledge, as he is of the English notions, regarding some-

thing resembling it, which have grown out of the philosophy of the doctrines of a particular providence, necessity, and predestination. But though the novel of "Chartley" is not of this grade, it deserves considerable commendation, and will meet with success.

THE ANNUALS.

WE shall hereafter have a few remarks to make on this class of productions, which have been winning their way among us with gradually-increasing progress, until they have at length spread themselves over the whole face of the land, and become an important article in the trade (we had well nigh said manufactures) of the country. Many considerations, both of good and evil, suggest themselves to our mind in connexion with this subject, but we must reserve them for a fitter occasion. In the meantime we are not disposed to play the churlish critic with any individual one of this multitudinous and medley tribe;—and, even if we were so disposed, we could not in justice or fairness select

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

as an object of particular severity,—for, upon the whole, it possesses at least the average merit of its rivals, and comes up to the standard level of its companions, although—like that of soldiers in war time—we do not fix that standard very high. Indeed were censure towards the general class the present mood of our mind, we should find in the present volume many things of redeeming excellence to except from the ungracious sentence. We would particularly notice the first article, by Miss Mitford, commencing with a Sketch (to the life) of a Country Attorney, whose character is drawn with fine discrimination, and placed in a light in which it often exists, although it has not suited our common run of tale-mongers so to represent it.

"Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

"Richard Moleworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm-houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which bor-

rowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom everything had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones, (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name), served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of everything striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he *did* showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never *said* a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

"So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county."

We must add to this the description of the morning occupations and gossip of the attorney's two daughters, as a very picturesque morsel:—

"When the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuchsia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

"'I hate concerts!' said the pretty little flirt. 'To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!'"

"'And then the music!' pursued Jessy; 'the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.'"

"'Do you call that music?' asked Agnes, laughing. 'And yet,' continued she, 'it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music.'"

Our space will not allow of further extracts from the prose department, as we are desirous of gratifying our poetical friends with a few stanzas from a beautiful "English Song," by T. H. Bayly.

I thank you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak;
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long-tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part;
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for her, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than one;
She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER'S smiles,
Supported by her SONS!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth:
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

We must advise our readers that these extracts are taken from the sunny side of the work, and perhaps give a more favourable idea of it than a perusal of the whole will be found to justify;—at the same time we can with great truth commend the English tale of "The Castle of St. Michael," the Irish sketch of "The Stolen Sheep," and the Scotch legend of "Robin Riddell's Pose," as fair specimens of the art of story-telling.

Old Booty; or, the Devil and the Baker. A Sailor's Tale. By W. I. Moncrieff, Esq. Illustrated with six first-rate engravings on wood. London, 1830. Kidd.

THE story of Old Booty the Baker, going to the Devil in the presence of a ship's crew, is well known to all lovers of the marvellous. It is here versified by Mr. Moncrieff, and with a poetical spirit, which we should not have expected to find in our dramatic humourist. The illustrations by Robert Cruikshank are full of *devilish* life and fire—and the *push-Devil, push-Baker*, will henceforth supersede the mutual *pull*, so long maintained between those two respectable tradesmen!

Table of Vegetable Poisons: illustrated with coloured Drawings by G. Spratt, Surgeon. London, 1830. Wilson.

THIS is a curious work, which we think neither country practitioners nor country gentlemen should be without—it might, according to the present book system, and in accordance with the subject on which it treats, have been swelled into an alarming quarto. It is, however, compressed into two useful maps, in which every vegetable substance dangerous to life, and met with in this country, is depicted and explained by letter-press and coloured engravings, together with their effects and the best mode of treatment.

Family Cabinet Atlas. Part VI. Bull.

THIS little atlas has now reached the completion of its first half, and each number in succession has well kept the promise made at the commencement of the work; the contents of the present part being quite equal to any of the preceding.

Lycée; ou, Analyse Critique des Chefs-d'œuvre Littéraires des Dix-septième and Dix-huitième Siècles. Augmenté de notes par E. A. Mansart. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

THIS little volume contains Petitot's "Essai sur l'origine et la formation de la langue Française," with notes by M. Mansart. It is rather an agreeable than profound disquisition, but evidently the production of a man of taste and discernment. The notes give value to the "Essai." The French language is, in our judgment, a little over-estimated. Its currency throughout Europe is no proof of its superiority, since this is to be accounted for by political causes, combined with its facility of acquisition and its ready adaptation to elegant conversation. We cannot, however, conclude our brief notice without recommending M. Mansart's book as an entertaining and instructive treatise.

Musical Memoirs. By W. T. Parke. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

A sad silly book, which we may notice more at length next week—but we cannot persuade ourselves that the readers of the Athenæum are among the idlers and triflers, to whom a leaf out of an old jest-book is of more interest than sound wholesome literature.

SPAIN IN 1829 AND 1830.

BY AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, WHO HAS RESIDED FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THAT COUNTRY.

[Fourth Notice.]

Character of the most celebrated of the Spanish Leaders.

It is extremely difficult to form a correct judgment of the personal character of men who have been influential and celebrated as leaders in a revolution; they are obliged, more often than is believed, to yield to circumstances, and to act contrary to their inclination and private feelings. I shall therefore record here the received opinion, and judge of them rather by general conduct than by separate acts.

Argüelles.†

Argüelles must be considered the greatest among the Spanish Constitutionals, and the father of the Constitution. He is a man of distinguished talent, a splendid orator, and most virtuous and estimable in private life—so much so, indeed, that all the rancour of political animosity has never attacked him on this point. He is, indeed, too honest to be a good party man, and too virtuous to use those means for accomplishing his purpose which, in revolutions, are often necessary, though not otherwise justifiable. He has never, in consequence, possessed that commanding influence which is due to his talents and services. He is a straight-forward single-hearted man; but his understanding is rather subtle in foreseeing difficulties, than quick in suggesting remedies; his speculations are too refined, and time is lost in deliberation which ought to have been employed in action.

Before the return of Ferdinand, in 1814, he was idolized by the Spaniards, who, in reference to his eloquence, called him Divine. After the return, he was imprisoned, and all the intrigues of the Servile party were directed against him; after twenty months' confinement, he was sent to Africa, where, however, his reputation preceded him, and, in defiance of the orders of the government, he was treated with becoming respect. The King, hearing of this, ordered him to be removed to Alcudia—a dreadful place, of which I have spoken before. Here he suffered greatly, and must have died, had not the revolution of 1820 taken place. He was forth-

† There are two Argüelles. It would be a great error to confound them, because at present they differ greatly in opinions. I speak here of Don Agustín Argüelles, not of Canga Argüelles.

with appointed minister for the home department, and came from Alcedia to Madrid—from prison to his high office, which, however, he did not long retain: his moderation displeased his own party, and his inflexibility offended the King.

In December, 1821, he was appointed deputy to the Cortes, where, either distrusting the leaders or misunderstanding their object, he was from the first opposed to the measures of the *exaltados*, and it was not till after the receipt of the famous notes of the Holy Alliance, that he and his friends, amongst whom were Generals Valdes and Alava, joined with them. From that time Argüelles was among the foremost in civil daring;—he proposed or cordially advocated those memorable resolutions which will, in spite of calumny and misrepresentation, distinguish the last Cortes as one of the boldest, as well as most honest and temperate political bodies that ever possessed power. He finished his political career in 1823, beloved even by those whom he had at first opposed, and retired to London, to prove by a most honourable poverty the honesty with which he had filled the highest offices in his own country.

Galiano.

Galiano was the great orator of the Cortes, and undoubtedly a very eloquent man. He was in the diplomatic body; but, being a Freemason, and by accident at Cadiz in 1819, he and his associated brother masons projected the revolution of the army, which probably would never have taken place without his exertions and influence. After the successful termination of that revolution, he was appointed to an office under the secretary for foreign affairs, which he resigned in consequence of the disputes between Riego and the Argüelles ministry. A few weeks after, when that ministry sent Riego and the other military chiefs of the revolution to command provinces, Galiano was appointed Intendant of Cordova, where he resided till he was elected a member of the Cortes for Cadiz, his native place. The Cortes was the proper place for Galiano, well fitted to display his talents, and he was decidedly the more eminent speaker of the *exaltados*. To him belongs the honour of having brought forward almost all those celebrated measures which will for ever distinguish the Cortes, and the ability with which he advocated them, was quite equal to their importance. His speeches are models of purity of language; the more extraordinary, when it is remembered that he writes both French and English with almost equal ease and elegance. It is said, that he is not a man of business, and he has been called a holiday orator, because, like Brougham and Mackintosh, and many other celebrated men, he seldom spoke but on great occasions.

Mina.

This idol of the clergy, and terror of the French in 1812, is become now the terror of the clergy and the idol of the liberals. Mina was an uneducated farmer, when accident placed him at the head of the guerrilla, heretofore commanded by his nephew, who had been taken prisoner by the French. When, at the beginning of 1810, he took the command of the guerrilla, they amounted to four hundred men, badly organized; and four years after, at the end of the war, they were eleven thousand men, perfectly equipped and disciplined. It is astonishing how he could thus have increased his forces, being always in the heart of the French armies, surrounded on all sides, closely watched, and vigilantly pursued; and having, in these four years engaged with them in more than one hundred skirmishes and battles. After the war he was the first who rose in favour of the Constitution, but he was unsuccessful, and obliged to fly from Spain. In 1820 he returned, and held some military commands up to 1822, when

he was appointed commandant in chief of the Constitutional army of Catalonia. His opponent, Eroles, had upwards of thirty thousand men, supported by France, and was in possession of two fortresses.

Mina could only muster fifteen thousand men, many of whom were provincial militia, the worst troops in Spain. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, in less than three months he completely destroyed the army under the command of Eroles, took all their fortresses, and effectually reduced the serviles of Catalonia. He afterwards attacked a numerous French army, infinitely superior in numbers to his own—he opposed the enemy with determined courage, and was the only one of the five constitutionalist generals in chief who remained faithful to the cause of liberty and of his country. After the dissolution of the Cortes he went to England, where he now resides. Mina enjoys the highest reputation amongst the Liberals of Spain, and so fearful is the government of this distinguished man, that they regularly employ agents to watch his motions.†

Admiral Valdes.

Admiral Valdes, better known here by his Christian name, Don Cayetano, belongs to a very high family, and is the brother-in-law of the Duke of Frias, one of the first grandees in Spain. He enjoys, among his countrymen, a reputation for great honesty, valour, and patriotism. He was considered one of the most efficient naval officers; but not wishing to be idle, when his country required his aid, he petitioned for employment in the land service, as there was no Spanish navy to command. He was the governor of Cadiz during the memorable siege of that place by the French in the Peninsular war. After Ferdinand's return to Spain, he was imprisoned without trial, and confined in a fortress; but the revolution of 1820 restored him again to his command, whence he was summoned to Madrid, to fill the office of minister of war. Although he filled that situation for only a few months, the measures he pursued increased his popularity and fame. He was afterwards appointed a member of the Cortes by two different provinces, and while acting in that capacity, always sided with his friend Argüelles, and gave distinguished proofs of sound good sense, and unshaken patriotism. He was always selected to be the bearer of messages that might be supposed displeasing to the King, and always fulfilled the painful charge with dignity and independence. He was appointed Regent when the Cortes deposed the King at Seville, but on his restoration Valdes was appointed governor of Cadiz, where he commanded till the overthrow of the Constitution. He was commissioned to accompany Ferdinand to the French headquarters, and the King treated him with evident marks of kindness and familiarity, to the astonishment of every one but Valdes himself, who immediately returned to Cadiz, and as soon as he had fulfilled his commissions, embarked for England. That his suspicions of the motives of Ferdinand's kindness were well-founded, is proved by a sentence of death published against him and seventy other deputies.

† An anecdote will prove the light in which Mina is looked at by this government. Two years ago the Spanish Minister in London sent an express to the government, telling them that Mina had left, with the greatest secrecy, the place where he resided, near London; and the only news they had been able to obtain about his destination was, that he had gone *towards the sea*. The Ministers were alarmed; orders were sent to all the Generals commanding the coasts to be ready for an attack; artillery and troops were seen marching in all directions, &c. In the height of the confusion, another dispatch was received from the Minister, announcing that Mina was very quietly taking sea-baths at Hastings, and all the orders were countermanded, not without a great deal of laughter from the Liberals.

Torrijos.

Perhaps there is no Liberal more hated by the Spanish Court than Torrijos. He and his family having been among the number of those who belong to what is called, in this country, "royal servitude," or, in other words, attached to the Court. The minions of the Court think that there is nothing worse than a desertion from his party to the cause of the country. Torrijos was brought up as one of the pages of the King, and he received the usual excellent education which the royal pages at that time received.

The Spaniards, who do not entertain a very high idea of the learning of their military men, admit that Torrijos has some pretensions to it—but consider him singularly unfortunate as a military commander. He defended Carthagena last war, and did not yield till all hopes of relief had been disappointed, and after the Cortes had been dissolved. The Liberals did not approve of the capitulation he made with the French on that occasion, but, as he has since discovered an untiring activity in instigating revolutions against Ferdinand, he enjoys great favour among the pure Constitutionalists, and he would enjoy much more, had he not belonged to the Regato party, or Ultra Comenaros, who are now very justly suspected. That party persuaded the King to appoint him minister of war, but not for the most laudable of purposes. Some of the members of the Cortes, by a bold stroke of policy, which has been greatly censured, took advantage of Ferdinand's pusillanimity, and succeeded in defeating, at one blow, the intended movements of Regato; but they never for one moment suspected Torrijos, who, it is generally and justly supposed, knew nothing of Regato's plans. His reputation has very much increased since it has been known that the British government deprived him of his pension as a punishment for his exertions in attempting to overthrow Ferdinand's government. It is said, that he intends returning to Spain with an expedition, but though his friends here may be numerous and trustworthy, there is very little doubt but that he would eventually fall a sacrifice to his rashness.†

DELIRIUM.

Replenish—Replenish the deep spacious howl!
It gladdens me—maddens me—aye! to the soul!
A poison? What boots it what poison there be,
So long as it brings but oblivion to me!

Again! aye, again! for I feel that the bane
Is creeping and curling thro' breast and through
brain;

Fill up! and fill high! What an antidote this,
To lead me to Lethæ, or madden my bliss!

Again! once again! It is heaven to feel
How the draughts I now drink o'er my reeling
sense steal—

To the dregs! to the dregs! drain it out with-
out fear!

Why pause? 'Twas a wine drop that fell—not
a tear.

O! Phrenzy!—Delirium! it fires now my brain!
Replenish! replenish! once more—yet again!
Ha! ha! while I quaff it, my scorched heart is
free

From its former emotions—its great agony!

It has passed—it is gone—and the struggle is up,
From my lips I have torn the bewildering cup!
Oh! bleeding they are from the anguishing sore!
They must taste that sweet draught—never more
—never more!

A. W.

† It must not be forgotten that this was written before the late French revolution.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF DON FRANCISCO VALDES.

As general attention is now directed to the attempt of the Spanish emigrants to re-establish liberty in their country, a short biographical account of the first military commander who has entered into Spain, cannot fail to be acceptable.

Colonel Don Francisco Valdes, commonly called by the Spaniards Valdes of Tarifa, is a gentleman of good family, and a native of New Castile. His brother, a wealthy landed proprietor, was chosen one of the members of the Cortes for Madrid, and was among those obliged to emigrate to England for having joined in deposing Ferdinand. He was very young when he entered into the army. He went with the Marquis La Romana to Germany, and returned with him in 1808. He took an active part in the military operations under General Black, and was present at the battles of Espinosa and Valmaseda. He fought afterwards with the army of Galicia—went to Estramadura—and was there taken prisoner by the French. He however contrived to effect his escape, and after many dangers, joined General Ballesteros in the mountains of Ronda, where he soon distinguished himself and became a great favourite with the General who used to intrust him with the command of the advanced guard in those desperate skirmishes, which made that general's name celebrated during the Peninsular war. When Ballesteros was deprived of the command, Valdes joined the third corps of the Spanish army, and served in the Pyrenees under the Duke of Wellington. At the termination of the war, he gave proofs of the rashness of his character, and entered into a conspiracy with many other officers of his division of the army, to compel Ferdinand to swear to the Constitution. They were betrayed, and of course unsuccessful; and all implicated in the conspiracy would have been obliged to leave Spain, had not a great personage here interfered in their favour. From that time to 1820, Valdes kept clear of the many conspiracies which threatened Ferdinand's throne, but on the 3rd of January of that year, we find him commanding the small body of patriots who under the direction of Riego took the bridge of Suazo, which unites the island of Leon with the Continent. He was one of the chiefs of the liberating army, and was afterwards sent to Castile against Merino, where he resided until 1823. In that year, when Ballesteros took the command of the Constitutional army, Valdes joined him, and was appointed military commander of the province of Teruel, then overrun with royalist militia. He soon cleared the province, formed a brigade with fresh recruits, and joined the General on his retreat to the south of Spain. But Ballesteros was at that time meditating his treacherous abandonment of the Constitutional government, and was so sure that Valdes would not sanction it, that he sent him to Carthagea under pretence of giving him the command of that fortress, which however was eventually transferred to another. But there Valdes remained, till after the fall of the Constitutional government, when he retired to Gibraltar, whence he madly determined in August 1824 to invade Spain, having received many invitations from the patriots on the coast of Malaga promising support. Unfortunately, as soon as he and his followers were embarked, the wind changed, and it not being possible for them either to go to Malaga or remain where they were, Valdes determined to land near the fortress of Tarifa in the middle of the night and surprise the garrison. In this rash adventure he was successful; although, being immediately after surrounded by the French troops, he found himself without a sufficient garrison even to man the walls. In this emergency he restored arms

to the prisoners, and the greater part fought under their new banner with more heroic courage and fidelity than under their old one. At last when all their provisions and ammunition were consumed, Valdes and his followers determined to retreat, which they did, to the coast of Africa, in open boats without other oars than their muskets. After residing some time in Tangiers he came to England, where he continued to reside till within these two months. Colonel Valdes is considered by his countrymen as most rash and daring—cool in the hour of danger—always the first to attack and the last to retreat; but his courage is little tempered with prudence: he is well skilled in military duties, and not deficient in general knowledge: his figure is elegant, and the impetuosity of his character may be read in his bold carriage and the quick penetrating glance of his eye. We are full of fears lest the next mail should bring the most melancholy news of this gallant soldier and his handful of devoted followers.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

THE present number of the Quarterly Review contains an article on Science exceedingly creditable to the independence of the editor—it is at once sagacious and bold, and exhibits a long list of illustrious men whom the government of this country has shamefully neglected. In truth, genius in this land has met with no encouragement since the days of Charles I.—all the names which have since that period rendered England famous in literature and science, have gone unrewarded to the grave, whilst thousands have been pensioned and honoured, whose only merits were family connexion, court favour, and wealth, amassed in sordid pursuits. Genius has for a century lived without reward. We are glad however to see, that even in a censure so sweeping and so just, there is at least one exception. Davy was knighted for an invention which has saved the lives of thousands, and that the government might not be alone in this good work, the Church has had her share. A marble tablet, three feet six inches long, two feet six inches high, and some three inches thick, a thing which two men might readily lift, has just been put up to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and the Chapter, to show the value at which they rate Sir Humphry's genius, have charged 120*l.* as a *fine*, so they call it, for leave to put it up. Nor is this all—as a punishment on his lady for allowing him to die and be buried in a foreign land, they have charged 22*l.* for half-burial fees. It is otherwise abroad—so little was his body looked upon as a matter of *measure* and *value* price at Geneva, that the simple Calvinists told Lady Davy she might inter his body free of all expense. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster knew better the worth of him of the wonderful lamp, and made 142*l.*—by draft on Drummonds'—out of a body which to the simple church of Geneva was not worthy a penny.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

On Wednesday last, the preliminary meeting of this Society took place at the Freemason's Tavern, for the election of new members, to fill up the vacancies in the society,—George Clint, A.R.A. in the chair. Sir Martin Archer Shee was among the new members proposed—but was unanimously elected an honorary member without the usual proceeding by ballot. From a long list, the following gentlemen were elected:—Samuel Prout, David Roberts, John Lewis, George Morant, jun., C. W. Dilke, jun., John Gardiner, George Griffith, and Lieut.-Colonel Batty.

It seemed to be the opinion of the members present, that, though the last season presented an unusual display of interesting works of art, the present would not be inferior to it.

FINE ARTS.

The Princess Victoria. Drawn from Life by John Hayter, and on Stone by W. Sharp. Dickenson.

THIS is a whole-length picture, with parrot and stand, and vases and flowers, very carefully drawn and elaborately finished; but the position of the Princess is studied and unnatural, and, as a whole, we cannot commend the work.

The Sailor Boy (said to be a portrait of Sir Fred. Nicholson,) is another lithograph by the same artist. It looks like a portrait, and wants the natural ease "of the wet ship boy" who sleeps "upon the high and giddy mast."

We suspect the young gentleman is more used to the drawing-room of a yacht, than the cockpit of a man-of-war—the Solent Sea, than the Atlantic. If we err, the artist has not done him justice.

The Right Hon. Lady Nugent. Drawn on Stone by R. Lane, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Dickenson.

THIS is one of the finest works of the late President, and one of the very best of Mr. Lane's lithographs. The head itself is full of beauty and expression, thought and feeling. The painting we thought inimitable; but Mr. Lane has given to this cheap copy almost the tone and colour and power of the picture. It is a truly admirable work.

River Brent. Painted by Collins, R.A. Engraved by Charles Turner. Leggatt & Co.

WE are not satisfied as to what we ought to say of this little print, for, in truth, we admire it more than perhaps we could justify if spoken to critically on the subject. To us, the scene is one that England only presents—a spot where we may enjoy the quiet luxury of our own thoughts sitting on green turf, with the cold clear water rippling at our feet, and under the deep shadow of trees that are themselves rich in all the varied beauties of autumn—and the engraving has, to our feeling, the tone and colour of such a scene.

A Cottage near Dulwich. Engraved by Richardson, after Cox. Leggatt & Co.

A very natural scene, such as breaks upon the painter's eye in every turn of the road or entrance to a village, but which so few regard. As a picture it seems to us cramped up, and to want "elbow-room," and the engraving is finished with more care than feeling—it is too elaborate.

Belisarius. Leggatt & Co.

IT is from the well-known picture by Salvator Rosa, and is probably reduced from the engraving by Strange. It may satisfy those who cannot afford the latter work.

King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide. Hays.

Companion lithographs, and extraordinary works, when we consider the price is only four shillings. His Majesty is a sufficiently good likeness.

THE ANNUALS.

LIKE other flowers, these have their season, and they are a graceful and beautiful addition to our light autumn literature—greatly improved by cultivation and care. The earlier volumes of

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

will not bear a comparison with the rich beauty of the present.

'Adelaide,' engraved by Humphreys, after Leslie, may (and deservedly) be considered as a high work of art, and will, we have no doubt, grace the portfolio of the collector, as well as the drawing-room of his lady.

'Auld Robin Gray,' painted by Wood, and engraved by H. Rolls, is a very rich, effective engraving, and will interest and delight many. We, however, greatly prefer

'Ascanius in the Lap of Venus,' engraved by Davenport, after the same artist,—a picture full of poetry and imagination.

'The Maid of Rajast'han,' engraved by E. Finden, after Col. James Tod; and the

'Halt of the Caravan,' Brandard, after Purser, do not greatly interest us. But

'The Rejected,' after F. P. Stephanoff, engraved by J. Goodyear; and

'Mary Queen of Scots going forth to Execution,' by Baker, after J. Stephanoff, convince us that, with all their talents, the Stephanoffs will never again paint a natural picture. The attendant noblemen in the latter is a coxcomb—another Malvolio; and no man, with any right feeling for art, could have painted such an impertinence.

'The Last Look,' Dean, after Porter, is a sad unmeaning affair; and

'The Accepted,' Rolls, after M. W. Sharp, is a careful engraving after a poor affected picture, which, we presume, very young ladies will think interesting. But

'The Mountain Torrent,' by Goodall, after Purser, wins us back again. It is a work of great merit; and though we have critical objections, they would be impertinent where there is so much to admire.

'St. Mark's Place, Venice,' Prout, engraved by Roberts. There is a vigour in all Prout's drawings that must secure admiration; and he seems to delight in the architectural glories of Venice as heartily as we do ourselves. Venice is a dream to those who have not been there, and little other to those that have, and to either, Prout's drawings are invaluable. But the treasure of the volume—the spell that binds you—the picture to which you return and return, and always with pleasure, is

'Poësie,' engraved by W. Finden, after Carlo Dolci, a head lit up with high intelligence, and the only picture after the old master to our taste in any of the Annuals we have yet seen.

THE GEM

would have our best good wishes, if it were only for

'The Portrait of a Boy,' by Thomson, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, mentioned in our last. It is inimitable as a painting—beautifully and delicately engraved; and if our subscribers do not buy the volume, they should secure a copy of this one sweet plate.

'Evening,' by Lacey, after Creswick. There is much to admire in this picture; but Linton has wearied us with the composition heretofore.

'Victoria Colonna,' Greatbach, after Colin, will not, we fear, be so much admired as it ought. It is truly Italian, flushed all over with a southern sun, and very beautifully engraved.

'Cupid and Nymph,' Engleheart, after Hinton, is so broken up in its lights and shadows, and is otherwise so objectionable, that we shall not say one word in commendation, which perhaps we might, lest it should lead us into elaborate criticism. Neither is

'Mars disarmed,' by Warren, after Howard, at all to our taste; nor even

'Hope and Love,' Goodyear, after Howard, though something better, and the figure of Hope very simple and elegant; nor

'Lady Russell,' though well engraved by Sangster, the background of the picture especially; but

'The Young Crab-Catchers,' by Philips, after Collins, is a very sweet picture, full of truth, and therefore full of beauty, and as fresh as the sea-sands and the ocean waters, though painted a hundred times before by the same artist. Cooper comes next; and his

'Battle of Bothwell Brigg,' engraved by H. Rolls, and the

'Standard-Bearer,' by Webb, are both spirited and clever pictures, though we could not but rejoice that his everlasting white charger is killed in the latter.

'The Blood-Hound,' by the same artist, engraved by C. Rolls, is a foolish extravagance; but

'La Tour du Marché,' engraved by Cooke, after Bonington, is, as might be supposed, full of interest and beauty, and to be admired equally as a picture and an engraving.

THE IRIS.

THERE has been hitherto some one picture in all the Annuals that has struck us as singularly beautiful, and the vignette

'Christ crowned with Thorns,' engraved by W. Humphrys, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, though a mere trifle, is the work to which we have most frequently returned in this new volume of "The Iris." It is a head full of character and expression, admirably drawn, and delicately engraved.

'Christ blessing little Children,' by J. W. Cooke, after B. West, is a fine engraving, after one of West's most laboured pictures, and will, we have no doubt, be admired.

'St. John the Evangelist,' engraved by W. Finden, after the well-known picture by Domenichino, is admirable. This plate alone ought to ensure an extensive sale to the volume. The original is, to our mind, the finest work of that great painter; and to those who cannot afford the unrivalled engraving by Muller, this will be a delightful remembrance of it. But we cannot admire

'Nathan and David,' by Sangster, after Ben. West. No, nor the

'Virgin and Child,' though a fine engraving after Correggio;—nor the

'Infant St. John the Baptist,' though painted by Murillo, and well engraved by Davenport; but objections to such pictures can only be difference of taste; and many may prefer them to

'The Nativity,' engraved by Warren, after Sir Joshua: a splendid picture, notwithstanding the lady-like gentility of Mary, the Ugolino-head of Joseph, and the fashionable head-dresses of the angel children. All, however, will admire

'The Deluge,' well engraved by Roberts, after the celebrated painting, in the Louvre, by N. Poussin; and even

'Christ blessing the Bread,' by Ensom, after Carlo Dolci, if they are not weary of seeing it for ten years in the shop-windows. To the

'Christ in the Garden with Mary,' painted by Titian, and engraved by Ensom, there are objections; but the landscape is fine, and Mary, beautiful; though the left hand and arm are monstrously out of drawing.

'Judas returning the Thirty Pieces,' by Rad-don, after Rembrandt, is a very powerful picture, and with it we close our notice.

We rejoice to hear that the British Museum is in treaty for the Drawings of the late President. The Royal Academy has most liberally offered to contribute £2000 towards the purchase. Mr. Soane with a munificence truly worthy of his own liberality and distinguished patronage of art, has also proffered £1000. The remaining sum is to be raised by public subscription.

The interesting portrait of Lord Byron, from Mr. Saunders's picture, to be affixed to the forthcoming volume of his life by Mr. Moore, is now finished. We hear, that the price paid for the engraving alone was three hundred guineas—it does great credit to Mr. Finden's well known talent—it is intended, we understand, by Mr. Murray, to permit the sale of a limited number of the plates, separate from the volume.

A correspondent informs us, that the engraving from Mr. Westall's picture in the Winter's Wreath, noticed in our last number, was painted by that gentleman above twenty years ago—was lent to the proprietors of that work without his knowledge, and that the title affixed to it was certainly not his.

Mr. Westall's portrait of Princess Victoria, which was exhibited at Somerset House, and subsequently at the Birmingham Institution, is about to be engraved by Mr. Finden.

Colonel Batty is, we hear, engaged in etching several of his sketches, made during his recent tour in Spain.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

Two new singers (Miss S. Phillips and Mr. Latham) made their appearance on Saturday last at this establishment. The "Barber of Seville" was the piece chosen for this double *début*—the aspirants sustaining the parts of *Rosina* and *Figaro*.

Miss S. Phillips is a good singer, and has been carefully taught. Mr. Latham is a clever man, and played his difficult part with very considerable effect. Both will, we doubt not, prove themselves, in their respective departments, valuable accessions to the company.

On Monday, Mr. Macready appeared as *Virginius*, after an absence from London of two years. His reception was most gratifying and rapturous; and, after the play, he was obliged to present himself to the house, and receive its congratulations. We remember to have been struck, last year, with the eloquent expressions of the theatrical critic of the *New Monthly*, on the subject of Mr. Macready's voice. "Would (said the writer,) that those days (the days of Macready's engagement on the London boards) might return, and that voice—the 'rich, full, music of humanity'—fall again upon our ears." This may be very pretty declamation; but the simple truth is, that Macready's voice is hollow, rather than full, and, whatever be its quality, is most unskillfully modulated.

Miss Phillips and Wallack acquitted themselves very creditably as the lovers; and Cooper played *Siccius Dentatus* in the most admirable manner.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday last, the "Duenna" was chosen, for the purpose of introducing to the public two singers,—one new to the stage, the other to the London boards. Both succeeded as completely as their warmest admirers could desire. Miss Romer, who played *Clara*, has shown herself possessed of higher natural qualifications than perhaps any female singer on the stage, Miss Paton excepted. Her voice is rich, full, and powerful: she has had the advantage of an admirable musical education; and, not less valuable than these advantages, is the susceptibility of emotion with which she is endowed. She understands and feels what she is singing, and she has the happy art of making her audience understand and feel it too. She rose in the opinion of the house, by every fresh effort; and when she had sung "Adieu, thou dreary pile," the applause of every portion of the audience became enthusiastic. As an actress, she is above mediocrity, and promises, we think, to attain excellence. She has, however, a great deal to learn. Her pronunciation is disfigured by provincialisms; and her general delivery has a tendency to sing-song.

We find it difficult to speak of Mr. Wilson in terms sufficiently precise, without reiterating many of the commendations which we have bestowed on Miss Romer. In truth, we look upon Mr. Wilson as one of the best English singers

(Braham always excepted) whom we have listened to for years. His voice has a purity of tone, and his style of singing a grace and polish which, generally speaking, we look for in vain beyond the precincts of the King's Theatre. Some of our contemporaries, while they concede to him very high qualifications as a singer, seem disposed to think that his voice is deficient in power; others, again, that it wants compass. For our own parts, we differ from both opinions. Be these matters as they may, however, Mr. Wilson has much higher attributes as a vocalist than any which are comprised in the mere power and compass of a singer's organ. His voice is of the finest quality; and he has science, taste, and feeling to enable him to make the best use of the precious endowment. As an actor, he is sensible and unembarrassed; his person is good, and his carriage easy.

Keeley played *Isaac* for the first time; and it has never been our fate to see him so far out of his own line of business. Mrs. Gibbs played the *Dianna*—a first appearance also—most admirably, and had all manner of justice done to her merits by the audience. Mr. Hunt sustained the part of *Ferdinand* with taste and spirit.

On Monday night, a new nautical drama was produced. T. P. Cooke was, of course, the hero. Its success was but indifferent; and its merits did not entitle it to a more fortunate fate.

On Wednesday night, "The Jew of Arragon; or, the Hebrew Queen"—a piece of higher pretensions was produced; and sorry are we to record its utter and most deserved condemnation. The story, we shall merely observe, is a good one for a dramatist of genius, but what avail the capabilities of a plot, when an author is utterly defective in the power of inventing character and dialogue? Mr. Wade has failed in breathing into his personages the breath of life; and his dialogue wants, at once, simplicity and elevation. Everything, however, his friends may have the comfort of reflecting, was done for his tragedy which could be done for such a production. The principal parts were filled by Charles Kemble and his daughter. The dresses were splendid and appropriate; the scenery beautiful; and the audience patient in a most remarkable degree. Yet, with all these advantages, "The Jew of Arragon" proved an absolute failure. Mr. Wade himself, cannot, we think, impeach the justice of the sentence.

A new opera was brought out last week at the *Académie* in Paris, whose attraction consists in the union of the sister arts of singing and dancing, indeed, of the two, the latter is made subservient to the former, even in the composition of the piece, and in its representation, it bears the palm beyond all question. As far as the character of the artists concerned in its production and performance can be a guarantee of excellence, it may certainly be looked for in a work where M. Scribe has furnished the dialogue, M. Auber the music, and M. Taglioni the ballet department, and into which his unrivalled daughter throws the whole soul of "her most natural art."

THE KYANUS;

OR, INHABITANTS OF THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN BURMAH AND ARRACAN.

[The following account of this people is abridged from a Paper by Lieut. Bisot, of the Quarter-Master General's Department, in a Calcutta Journal.]

The Kyanus acknowledge no supreme being; nor have they the most distant idea of the creation. They worship a tree, named by them *Subri*, which produces a black berry, of which they are fond. They suppose a peculiar substance is sent from above for their worship, which is searched after and adored with superstitious awe. As soon as a thunder storm has ceased, and nature becomes calm, they repair in a body to

the spot, where, from the destruction of any tree, the substance is supposed to have fallen, and commence digging for it with great care: on being found, a hog and cow are immediately sacrificed and eaten, when it is given to the *Pasin*, who uses it as a talisman in the cure of the sick—they possessing the most sovereign contempt for all kinds of medicine. Their ideas of right and wrong are confined to their relative care of their flocks and families. The good man is he who takes care of his father and mother, looks after his hogs and cattle, eats the most meat, and enjoys himself in drinking a liquor distilled from grain: the bad man is the abstemious, as he is thought an unworthy wretch for not enjoying to the utmost of his power the blessings nature has bestowed. Of this latter class there are very few. Of future rewards and punishments they appear to have some vague idea—good would attend the good, they said, and evil the bad, but where and by whom inflicted, they know nothing.

Their only belief of any future state is confined to transmigration, and even that very indefinite, as they have no scruple in killing any animal either for food or sacrifice.

Yehantáng, a hill from the summit of which the whole world is supposed to be seen, is looked upon with peculiar sanctity. To this place the bodies of their dead are carried: if the superiors of any tribe or village, they are burned, and their ashes, being collected in a basket of bamboo, are then interred; a small house is erected over the spot, and covering the grave is a rudely-carved image of the deceased, laid horizontally, which is supposed to ward off evil spirits. If the deceased is poor, he is buried without any distinction of place, unless in the immediate vicinity of the holy mountain. Those tribes inhabiting the tract of mountains near the main river, carry and burn their dead at the hill of Häulatain, which is likewise deemed sacred.

Death is not looked upon as an event to be regretted; on the contrary, on the demise of any member of a family, the whole assemble and testify their joy in feasting, drinking, and dancing: in fact, every event through life, from their birth to their demise, marriage, divorce, religious ceremonies, are all taken advantage of as pretences for indulgence in sensual pleasures; a feast being always the finale to anything extraordinary.

Marriage is a mere tacit agreement between the parties, and is annulled by the offending party paying a fine to the other. A future helpmate being chosen, the bridegroom makes a present to her father of an ox, a spear, a pig, a sword, tabor, and a gourd of liquor; the bride is then handed over to him, and the day is spent in rejoicing and feasting; all the village, young and old, being invited.

Murder is punished by the offender giving up three men as slaves to the friends of the deceased; if he be unable to do so, which is generally the case, 30 rupees (or *tickals*) a head is taken as a substitute; should he be so poor as to be incapable of doing either, he is taken as a slave himself, nor can he afterwards be ransomed. Should a murderer escape and take refuge in any village, it is immediately required to give him up, and seldom refuses; but should it do so, the friends of the murdered person, assisted by their fellow villagers, carry arms against it, and never cease until one party is completely defeated, their village burned, and totally ransacked and plundered. Should the murderer be retaken, he does not share the fate of his defenders, but is only kept in continued slavery, his original punishment.

Theft of grain is punished by the thief paying 30 *tickals*, if the value of the article is below that sum; if above it, 60 *tickals*, and so on in proportion. If unable to pay, he is taken as a

slave by the person from whom the grain was stolen, nor can he redeem his liberty.

Silver coin, which is used among them in a very small proportion, is obtained from the inhabitants of the plains in exchange for the scanty produce of the mountains, which consists in honey, bees' wax, iron ore, and smoked fish; together with a coarse cloth, manufactured from the wild cotton by the women, who take charge of all domestic concerns. The faces of the females are rendered particularly hideous from being tattooed completely over with a blue colour.

Ingenious Invention.—We recommend to the attention of our readers, and of our fashionable friends in particular, an ingenious and useful improvement on the construction of carriage steps, for which Mr. Ross Corbett has recently obtained a patent. By a very simple application of a mechanical power, Mr. Corbett has contrived to make the opening and shutting, or the folding out and in of the steps, dependent on the opening or shutting of the carriage door, or the apron of cabriolets. When the door is opened, the step or steps fold down; when it is shut, they at the same moment fold up. They are thus always kept perfectly clean, and the necessity for the coachman's leaving his box is obviated. We understand that these steps have been already fitted to several carriages with complete success, and there seems to be every probability of their coming speedily into general use.

Medical Discovery.—Dr. Ringseis, professor of medicine at the university of Munich, and director of the Bavarian board of health, as appears by his address on the commemoration of the foundation of that university on the 26th of June last, has discovered, that "all the sciences have been stripped of their adamantine pediment by the rude assault of human reason; that pediment being religious faith! And even here," he adds, referring to medical science, "the devil has equally forced his way; and not all the oratory of the world, can disprove his presence!" Ad ogni ucello—suo nido é bello.

The present Computation of Years erroneous.—"The recent eclipse of the moon," says a foreign observer, "has enabled us to prove, that our present computation is defective by no fewer than three years. Correctly speaking, the year 1830 should be 1833; for Josephus tells us, that shortly before the death of Herod, during whose government the Saviour was born, there occurred an eclipse of the moon in the night of the 12th and 13th of March; and it has been astronomically demonstrated, that this eclipse took place in the fourth year preceding the Christian computation of time; consequently modern chronology is three whole years in error."

An Incognito discovered.—"Last autumn I often visited the Ripa Grande, situated on the banks of the Tiber. There is a custom-house, and wine-shops, much frequented by the citizens, who resort there for the purpose of drinking port and Granada wine at 4d. per pint, and eating Gorgona anchovies and Ascoli olives. One evening I found only one person present: he courteously returned my bow, and I took my seat near him. The attention of the stranger being entirely taken up in the plate of anchovies, and the flask of wine placed before him, I had leisure to make my observations. He appeared to be about the age of forty; his deportment had a military frankness about it, and his stature was of the middle size; the complexion swarthy; the hair a light brown, straight, wild, and straggling; his hazel eye full of fire and expression; the features of the true Scandinavian cast, heavy and plain, but a good-natured smile made them far from unpleasant; large musta-

chios quite shaded his lips, and gave him an air of stern nobleness, that commanded respect. His dress, a close-buttoned coat, dingy from wear, but well brushed. There was a carelessness about the whole that bespoke the man of rank. Who can he be?—I racked my brains in conjecturing, and at last I came to the resolution of shaking off my national reserve by addressing him, when he arose, and, bowing with an air of habitual condescension, departed. I then became tormented by an insatiable curiosity to know something of so mysterious a being; and I asked the landlord, who declared, that he was quite as much anxious to know as myself, and that he had been several times at his house, and only knew he was a German, and very deaf. Resolving to discover, if possible, the character and habits of that person, I frequented the coffee-houses and haunts of the German artists; but all was vain. Some months had passed away in fruitless search, when I went to St. Peter's, to see the ceremonies of the holy week, and, being a privileged person, I was permitted to enter into the inner barrier. I saw among the distinguished persons present, the one who had so haunted my mind, dressed in full uniform, and decorated with several orders. It was the King of Bavaria." R. S.

London University.—We understand that the number of students already entered at this University amounts to 222, being almost wholly medical, the general classes not beginning till the 1st of November.

A society formed at Wiesbaden, whose museum contains some very valuable relics, has lately published a volume of Transactions, giving, among other curious matter, a detailed representation and description of a temple of Mithra, lately discovered at the foot of the Taunus.

Representative System in Switzerland.—We derive the following from a pamphlet recently published at Zürich, under the title "Della Riforma delle Costituzioni Ticinesi."

Canton.	Population.	Legislative or Great Council.	Executive or Petit Council.
Berne.....	350,000	299 memb.	72 memb.
Geneva.....	52,500	283	28
Zurich.....	218,000	212	25
Vaud.....	170,000	180	13
Argau.....	150,000	150	13
St. Gall.....	144,000	150	9
Basle.....	54,000	150	25
Friburg.....	84,000	144	28
Soleure.....	53,000	101	21
Lucerne.....	116,000	100	19
Thurgovia.....	81,000	100	9
Tessino.....	99,000	76	11

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—A second edition of *The Island Bride*, a Poem, by the Rev. Hobart Casner, illustrated by Martin.

A Catechism of Phrenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science. By a Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh.

The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature. By R. Whately, D.D. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.

The Daughter of Herodias; a Tragedy, by Henry Rich, Esq.

A work is announced, entitled *The Scottish Gael; or, Celtic Manners, as preserved among the Highlanders;* by James Logan.

In folio, Nos. 53 and 54 of S. W. Reynolds's Engravings in mezzotint from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The subscribers will be gratified by knowing that this work will soon be brought to a close, as the remaining six numbers, which are to complete the collection, will appear within twelve months from the present period. The whole work, in 4 vols., will contain 328 Prints representing about 430 Pictures. In the concluding portion will be given the Title-pages and Contents, with a Preliminary Notice; likewise the size, where possible, of the original paintings, and the names of the distinguished families whose cabinets they adorn.

Works by L. F. de Porquet: 1. *Sequel to Trisor, or the Turning of English into French.*—2. *Introduction to Parisian Phraseology.*—3. *Le Grand Secrétaire Français*, selection of English Letters on Business, to be read from English into French at sight, with notes for the use of boys.—4. *Il Tesoretto, or Turning English into Italian at sight.*—5. *The Fenwickian System of teaching French* 6. *Le Traducteur Parisien.*

The first volume of a Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature. Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S. Member of the Royal Irish Academy, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Fellow of the Geological Society of London, &c. &c. Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

A History of the late Revolution in France, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, Anglo-Saxon Professor at Oxford. Horatii Opera Omnia, cum Indubio locupletissimis recensitis et illustratis Præf. Guili. Doering, 1 vol. 8vo. are reprinting from the last German edition.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce, of the principal Nations of Antiquity; translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren.—This work, on which the fame of Professor Heeren principally rests, is now first offered to the English reader; having passed through five editions in German.

Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States-System and their Colonies.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A., Anglo-Saxon Professor at Oxford.

Just subscribed.—The Protestant Instructor, by the Rev. E. Harrison, 8vo.—Bloomfield's Thucydides, 3 vols. 27s.—Major's Orestes of Euripides, 5s.—The Works of Bishop Sherlock, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., 5 vols. 17 17s. 6d.—The Classical Library, No. X. Pindar and Anacreon, 4s. 6d.—Illustrations to the Iris for 1831, proofs, 11 5s.; before letters, 21 2s.—The Cameo, 12s., morocco.—Westall's Great Britain, illustrated, half morocco, 12 14s., elegant, 24 8s.; proofs, half morocco, 37 3s., elegant, 37 18s.; imperial 4to., half morocco, 47 5s.

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In answer to the question of "An Artist," we beg to state, that the lithographic establishment referred to, is at 124, High Holborn.—J. M. A. C. We doubt, but will consider.—L. F. de P. The promised advertisements look very like a bribe. The books will be reviewed as soon as possible, whether he sends his advertisements or not.—F. W. N. B. The latter part of the above will apply.—Thanks to Anonymous.

We are surprised to hear from J. B. that he was charged, by a bookseller, one shilling for an unstamped copy of this paper. There can be no apology for such charge. If he will send us his name and residence of the party, it shall be inquired into, when, no doubt, it will appear to have been an error, or a fraud of the shopman.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 14	47 36	30.30	E.	Clear.
Fr. 15	45.5 33	30.20	E.	Iditto.
Sat. 16	50 33	30.12	E.	Iditto.
Sun. 17	50 38	30.22	E.	Iditto.
Mon. 18	59 46	Stat.	E.	Iditto.
Tues. 19	65 50	29.96	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 20	79 50	29.95	S.W.	Clear.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cirrostratus. Stratus, on calm evenings.

Mean temperature of the week, 51.5°.

Nights fair. Mornings foggy and fair.

Astronomical Observations.

Herschell stationary on Saturday.

The Moon in Apogee on Saturday.

Mars stationary on Tuesday.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 11° 1' in Capricorn.

Mars — — — 20° 28' in Pisces.

Sun's — — — 25° 32' in Libra.

Length of day on Wed. 10h. 24m.; decreased, 5h. 10m.

Sun's horary motion 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance .997947.

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SESSION 1830—31.

ON Monday, the 1st of November, at 3 o'clock, Professor Long will deliver a LECTURE on the Study of Latin and Greek, and on the method of teaching those Languages in this University.

On Tuesday, the 2d, at 3 o'clock, Professor De Morgan will deliver a Lecture on the Study of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences, and on the method of teaching them in this University.

On Monday, the 8th of November, at 3 o'clock, Professor Hoppus will deliver an Introductory Lecture on the Study of the Philosophy of the Mind and of Logic, and on the System intended to be adopted by him in teaching those Subjects.

There is Free Admission to those Introductory Lectures, but by Tickets only, to be had at the Office of the University.

On Wednesday, the 3d of November, the following Classes will open:

JUNIOR LATIN, Professor Key, daily except Saturday, from 10 to 12.

SENIOR LATIN, Ditto, ditto, 12 to 2.

JUNIOR GREEK, Professor Long, ditto, 10 to 12.

SENIOR GREEK, Ditto, ditto, 12 to 2.

Professor Long will have a Third Class, for those who are privately prosecuting their Greek studies, which will meet twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, from 3 to 4. The Course will be separated into Two Divisions: the First will commence on Thursday, the 4th of November; the Second, on the 1st of March. Persons may enter for both or either Divisions.

JUNIOR ENGLISH, Tuesday and Thursday, from 2 to 3. Saturday, 10 to 11.

SENIOR ENGLISH, Ditto, 3 to 4. Ditto, 9 to 10.

JUNIOR GERMAN, Professor Mühlensfeld, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, 8 to 9 A.M.; and another Class on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 2 to 3. Saturday, 11 to 12.

SENIOR GERMAN, Professor Von Mühlensfeld, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 3 to 4; and another Class, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 to 9 A.M. Saturday, 10 to 11.

JUNIOR ITALIAN, Professor Pausani, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 11 to 12.

SENIOR ITALIAN, Ditto, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 12.

JUNIOR FRENCH, Mons. Merlet, Mon. Wed. and Fri. 8 to 9 A.M.; and another Class on the same days from 9 to 10.

SENIOR FRENCH, Ditto, Mon. Wed. and Fri. 9 to 10; and another Class, Tues. Thurs. and Sat. 9 to 10 A.M.

PERSIAN LANGUAGE, Professor Rosen, Monday and Thursday, 3 to 4.

ARABIC LANGUAGE, Ditto, Tuesday and Friday, 3 to 4.

SANSKRIT LANGUAGE, Ditto, Monday and Thursday, 3 to 5.

HINDUSTANI LANGUAGE, Ditto, Mon. Wednes. and Fri. 4 to 5.

JUNIOR HEBREW, Professor Hurwitz, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9 to 10.

SENIOR HEBREW, Ditto, Same days, 10 to 11, or any hour between 2 and 5, which may suit the convenience of the majority of the Students.

JUNIOR MATHEMATICS, Professor De Morgan, Daily except Saturday, 9 to 10. Saturday, 9 to 10.

SENIOR MATHEMATICS, Ditto, Daily except Saturday, 10 to 11. Saturday, 11 to 12.

Professor De Morgan will have an Evening Class on Mon. Wed. Frid. from 6 to 7, for the Elementary Branches of Mathematics, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and the progress of those who admit of it, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. This Class is intended principally for those whose education is, in other respects, already completed.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY and ASTRONOMY, Professor Lardner, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 3 to 4.

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 8 P.M.

Dr. Lardner will deliver Three short Popular Courses in the Evening, on such parts of the Science as admit of explanation without Mathematical Language, and adapted to those who do not desire to pursue the subjects more minutely. The First Course will consist of Twelve Lectures on ASTRONOMY, on Mon. and Thurs. from 7 to 8. The First Lecture on Thurs. the 4th Nov. The Subjects of the Second Course will be MECHANICS and HYDRAULICS, Third Course, PNEUMATICS, Heat, and Optics. Persons may enter for a Single Course.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND AND LOGIC, Professor Hoppus, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 12 to 2.

GENERAL JURISPRUDENCE, Professor Austin, Tues. and Thurs. 9 to 10 P.M.; commencing on Tuesday the 2d of Nov.

ENGLISH LAW, Professor Amos, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 to 7 P.M., except in Term time, when the hour will be from 8 to 9, commencing Monday the 8th of November.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, Dr. J. Gordon Smith, Mon. Wed. and Fri. 7 to 8 P.M., commencing Mon. 8th of Nov.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, Professor MacCulloch, Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10 to 11, commencing 1st of Feb.

ZOOLOGY, Professor Grant, Daily except Saturday, commencing 1st of January.

BOTANY, Professor Lindley, Daily except Wednesday, commencing 1st of April.

The General Library and the Law Library are open for the use of the Students every day, except Sunday, from 9 in the morning; the General Library until 5; the Law Library until 9 o'clock in the evening.

Further particulars relating to each Class, together with the Fees payable by Students and others, may be had at the Office of the University, and at the following Booksellers: Taylor, 30, Upper Gower-street; Nimmo, 27, Upper Gower-street; Longman and Co. 40, Paternoster-row; Baldwin and Co. 47, Paternoster-row; Parbury and Co. 7, Leadenhall-street; Jennings and Chaplin, Cheap-side; Richardson, 23, Cornhill; Fellows, 39, Ludgate-street; Hunter, 72, St. Paul's Church-yard; Underwood, 22, Fleet-street; Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock-street; Smith, 172, Strand; Wyld, 7, Charing Cross; Knight, 13, Pall Mall East; Treuttel and Co. 30, Soho-square; Murray, 50, Albemarle-street; Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly; Gardener, 163, Regent-street; Balliere, Regent-street; Templeman, 16, Percy-street; Alexander, 37, Great Russell-street; Callow, 16, Princes-street, Soho.

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14th October, 1830.

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